

THE NEW YORK CHIMPIER

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

VOL. IX.—No. 46.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1862.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.



"YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR, SAYS MR. McFINNIGAN."

Two Irishmen out of employ,
And out at the elbow as always,
Adrift in a grocery store.
Were smoking and taking it lazily;
The one was a broth of a boy;
Whose check bones turned out and turned in again,
His name was Paddy O'Toole—
The other was Mr. McFinnigan.

Bad luck to the rebels, says Poi,
Per kickin' up all this robbery;
They call themselves gentlemen, too,
While practical murder and robbery.
Now if its gitale for to stale—
And take all your creditors in again,
I'm glad I'm no gentleman born—
You're right, sir, says Mr. McFinnigan.

The ragus States wanted a row,
And now 'pon me word they have got in it:
They have chosen a bed that is hard,
However, they strive for to cotton it.
Now if it's the ragus they mane
By chivalry, then it's a sin again—
To fight for a cause that's no black—
You're right, sir, says Mr. McFinnigan.

Jesus mind what old England's about,
A sending her troops into Canada;
And all her old ships on the coast—
Are ripe for some treachery any day.
Now if she should mix in this war—
To think so it makes me head spin again—
Old Ireland would have such a chance!
You're right, sir, says Mr. McFinnigan.

There's never an Irishman born,
From Maine to the end of Seceslendom,
But longs for a time and a chance
To fight for this country in Hessian-dom.
As if old England should try
With treacherous friendship to sin again,
They'll be all on one side at once—
You're right, sir, says Mr. McFinnigan.

Horo for the Union, me boys!
And the devil take all who would bother it,
Seceslorn a nagur so black.
The devil himself ought to father it.
Horo for the bold Sixty-Ninth!
Now they are bound to go in again;
It's Corcoran's rescue the re—at—
You're right, sir, says Mr. McFinnigan.

THE SHARPERS FOILED;

OR, PLOTS UNMASKED,

AND

VILLAINY DEFEATED.

EMBRACING

Fast Life Scenes in New York,

IN WHICH

The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Revengeful Woman, The Designing Woman,
AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS ARE

TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CHIMPIER.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"Well, sir," said Cashton, as they seated themselves. "You saw the *Herald*?" queried Stiles.

"Yes, and you succeeded entirely."

"I did."

"The box—"

"Is here," cried the burglar; and he drew from his coat pocket the small iron box that he had depoiled Lorromer of.

Hastily did Cashton essay to open it, but his efforts were futile; rapidly did he press his hand on each and every portion, but the spring was obstinate, and refused to yield.

"The same difficulty I had," said Stiles, smiling.

"D—nation," roared the Colonel, and he dashed the box to the ground. The violence of the concussion removed the obstacle, for the lid flew open, revealing the locket set with jewels. Hastily did Cashton pick this up, and as he gazed on it a change came over him. Memory was busy with the recollections of the past. As he gazed on that face, a vision of the time when he was young and gay, and when he had loved that fair girl, passed before his eyes, and then came the bitter, mad-dening thought that were it not for John Lorromer he might have wooed and won that fair maiden, and a bitter imprecation rose to his lips.

"Twas he that made me what I am," he muttered; "a villain, deep and deadly; 'twas he that made this terrible deformity in my features, and I shall visit these things on the head of his brainless son." An expression of such diabolical malignity swept over his countenance that even Stiles was startled at it. Soon, however, he recovered his composure, and drawing a roll of bank-notes from his pocket, he threw them to Stiles.

"Here's the promised reward," said he.

"Thank ye, Captain; any further little jobs in my line."

"None at present. Ere long I may have something."

"Any time, Captain. Any time, you know we're downy on everything, from faking a wiper to cutting a weasand," said Stiles.

"Had you any trouble with this affair?" asked Cashton.

"But little—a fyer pounced on us as we was swiggin' some purl, but we gives him the sponge, and brings him along."

"Brought a boy—why so foolish?"

"Bekase he'd spotted us all, and it would be dangerous to let him run loose," answered Stiles.

"And where is this boy?"

"In the dark-room—do you want to see 'im?"

"He may give me useful information," thought Cashton.

"I will see him."

"All right—look at him here or in the room?"

"Here—he cannot escape," responded Cashton.

"All right—I'll bring him," and straightway the ruffian departed, soon returning, however, and ushering in the boy Robert.

Cashton was standing with his back to the door at the moment of the boy's entrance, but he turned short around as the door closed.

The boy gave a look of wonder and astonishment as his eyes fell on the well-known form, and two words escaped from him: "Colonel Cashton!"

"Ay, Colonel Cashton, and what of that, boy? Many a man hath smiled, and still had villainy rankling in their bosoms," said the Colonel, coolly.

"Oh! Colonel, I am glad 'tis you."

"Glad! Why so, my boy?"

"Because, now I shall be free."

"Oh, no—time enough for that yet. I would talk with you," said the Colonel.

"Talk with me? Will you not set me free?"

"I cannot."

"Cannot?" echoed Robert. "Am I to spend all my life a prisoner?"

"Not unless you choose to."

"Choose? what escape is there? what way?"

"Join the gang," said the Colonel, lighting a cigar.

"And become a thief? Never—death first," cried the boy.

"As you please," observed the Colonel, "you have two alternatives. One is to remain prisoner until confinement kills you; the other, to become a member of the Circle."

"Colonel Cashton, are you such a villain?" cried Robert.

"I am. I dare not release you now, for 'twould criminate myself, with my plans but half executed," answered the Colonel.

"Plans," echoed the boy, who appeared to be revolving some project in his mind.

"Ay, plans. I am not yet done with Mister Lorromer," said Cashton in tones of bitterness.

"Lorromer!" ejaculated the boy; "oh! what of him?"

"What? much. I hate him, child."

"You will not harm him, Colonel. No, no, you will not harm him?" cried the boy, in a voice of agony.

"Harm him, boy? were he in sickness, and a drop of water would give him life, I would not give the drop—were he suspended o'er the most terrible of abysses, I would not stretch forth a hand to save him; were he starving, I would not feed him; were he naked, I would not clothe him; for I hate him. I hate him." The Colonel in his excitement rapidly paced the floor.

"Then, Colonel Cashton, if you bear these terrible malignant feelings to him, how can you, how dare you eat and drink and talk and laugh with him?"

"How? it is my humor. Can I not with my smooth tongue and oily words entice him into such places as will prove his destruction? And when his fortune shall be gone, his health ruined, his prospects blighted, himself alone and friendless, then will I breathe into his ears that 'twas I that caused all this misery. I, the enemy of thy race."

"Oh! villain, villain!" cried Robert, "you may yet be foiled."

"Pshaw! but why take ye such an interest in Lorromer, boy?"

"Because I love him. He has been good, kind and gentle to me."

"Fool that he is!" ejaculated Cashton.

"Oh! Colonel, I pray thee spare him. My life is at your service, but harm not him."

"Thy life? What would I do with thy life, boy?"

"Then you will spare him?"

"Never!"

"By that affection which you bore your mother, I call on you to spare him."

"Talk of the living, child; let the dead rest."

"Tell me at least, then, why this hatred for him?"

"Boy, you have loved, have you not?"

"Loved?" echoed the boy, sadly.

"Ay; I once loved, fiercely, madly; the story is long, but she whom I loved was taken from me almost at the moment she was to be mine forever. Even as through me, Lorromer was deprived of the being he loved, at the time when their troth was well-nigh plighted."

"Through you, Colonel?" cried the boy.

"Ay, through me; 'twas the loss of her, and of a fortune he was sure of, that caused him to turn gambler, and to drink and dissipate; 'twas I that prompted him to this course; 'tis to me he owes the losses that drove him to it—a fortune and a wife."

"Devil!" cried the boy.

"You are bitter. He should thank me for depriving him of his mistress; she's but a namby-pamby creature at the best. She had a cousin, though, that loved him dearly; but he, blind fool, did not see it. She was a fine girl. I tried to make myself agreeable to her once, but she rejected me with such hauteur that I never had courage to renew my suit."

"Do you still love her, Colonel Cashton?" asked the boy.

"No; still I would do much for her, provided she could be found," remarked the Colonel.

"Found?"

"Yes; she left her home a month ago, since which we have had no trace of her."

"Is she sought after?"

"Much. Her old uncle searches for her day and night."

"Colonel Cashton, if it were in your power to do a favor, a great one, for this girl you speak of, would you do it?"

"What a question—why do you ask?"

"Will you answer?"

"Yes, anything in my power I would do for Susan Winter," said Colonel Cashton.

"Are you sincere?" asked the boy, anxiously.

"I am, in all earnestness and truth."

For a moment the boy paused; then laying his hand on the Colonel's arm, he cried:

"Then set me free; for I am Susan Winter!"

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EPISODE.

The reader will understand that the occurrences of the last chapter took place two days prior to the gambling-house scenes recorded in chapter nineteenth.

It may be unpardonable in us to deviate so much from our story, but with the reader's permission, we wish to describe to them a scene which occurred at the same gambling-hell where Harry had, as it is termed, "such a streak of luck."

On the afternoon preceding the night already mentioned, among a great crowd of men of all sizes and ages, who were snugly encoased in the sitting-room of the Metropolitan Hotel, were two men who, as it appeared, had entered into casual conversation.

The elder of these two was a fine looking person of some forty odd years, with that peculiar cast of features

and swarthy complexion that distinguish the Southern-born. He was elegantly dressed, and a diamond pin glittered in his bosom. He had registered his name as "Colonel Alden, of N. C."

His companion was a much younger man, apparently not over twenty-one—tall, possessing a figure full of many grace, with a countenance prepossessing in the extreme, and a mass of jet black curls over his head that many a maiden would have sighed for. Pity that one calculated so well to adorn society, should be a bane to it. Such was Frank Fairman.

"And so, Colonel, this is your first visit to our metropolis," said Frank Fairman, knocking the ashes off a cigar he was smoking.

"My first, Mr. Fairman; although I am past the meridian of life, I never before visited New York. I will state to you frankly, that my prejudices against Northern men are so great, that I have always felt unwilling to spend my money among them," replied Col. Alden.

"I trust, Colonel, that we may, during your stay amongst us, be enabled to remove many of those prejudices," said Frank.

"You have already, sir. Never have I been better treated in my life than since I came North," responded Alden.

"It pleases me to hear you say so," returned Frank.

"As this is my first visit to your city, Mr. Fairman, and may possibly be my last, I am determined to make a visit of it, and go everywhere, provided I can find a guide," observed the Colonel.

"Colonel Cashton, are you such a villain?" cried Robert.

"I am. I dare not release you now, for 'twould criminate myself, with my plans but half executed," answered the Colonel.

"Plans," echoed the boy, who appeared to be revolving some project in his mind.

"Ay, plans. I am not yet done with Mister Lorromer," said Cashton in tones of bitterness.

"Lorromer!" ejaculated the boy; "oh! what of him?"

"What? much. I hate him, child."

"You will not harm him, Colonel. No, no, you will not harm him?" cried the boy, in a voice of agony.

"Poor fool! how terribly he's deceived!"

"Harm him, boy? were he in sickness, and a drop of water would give him life, I would not give the drop—were he suspended o'er the most terrible of abysses, I would not stretch forth a hand to save him; were he starving, I would not feed him; were he naked, I would not clothe him; for I hate him. I hate him." The Colonel in his excitement rapidly paced the floor.

"Then, Colonel Cashton, if you bear these terrible malignant feelings to him, how can you, how dare you eat and drink and talk and laugh with him?"

We will not pause to give a sketch of the wanderings of the two gentlemen on this eventful evening. The gilded palaces of Mercer street—the quieter resorts in Crosby street—the glittering dens of Houston and Prince streets, were each in their turn visited. It was at one of these places that Fairman managed to communicate to one of his confederates the intelligence that, as we have seen, Cook delivered to the *cleric* of gamblers. It was nearly midnight when Frank first proposed to Alden the visit to the gambling house.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

ANNOUNCE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B. St. Louis.—Your views on the *cachet* point in dispute, coincide with our own. We have always held that when a partner offers to assist, the dealer has not the privilege of going alone. Hoyle, in his rules on the game, says:—"With some players, if a partner assists, the dealer may play alone; with others, he has not that privilege; either way is deemed to be correct; but to avoid all misunderstanding, it would be proper to determine upon that point at the commencement of the game." To answer another point in your letter, even admitting that the dealer has the privilege, it does not follow that he must take up the trump. It is optional with him. He can insist upon his partner, in his turn, ordering it up, or passing; so that each player may have a say in the rotation. But we contend that when a partner says he will assist, the dealer cannot go alone, for it would be tantamount, almost, to the former saying that he held good cards, and that if the other also held a good hand, it was a sure thing for them. If allowed, it prevents in this case, "hitting across the board," to the injury of the other players. If such a thing is allowed, it would be better, as Hoyle says, to have it determined upon before beginning the game.

Iniquous.—The *bet* holds good until it is decided by both parties. A and B are both to blame for acting so loosely in regard to making the money; but A, as a gentleman, is in duty bound to hand the amount of the stakes over to B, in whose favor, it seems, the bet was heavily decided. A, it appears, admits having received the money, to which, by the decision of the bet, he is not entitled. As a square man, he should hand the amount over to the winner of the bet. There does not appear to have been any stipulation made, that a gentleman present seems to have voluntarily taken charge of the stakes, and as no objection was made by either party, he was doubtless recognized as the responsible stockholder. A cannot profit by his error, however.

Sometime, Windsor, C. W.—We do not know that we are able to give you the best time ever made by a locomotive, for there may have been instances of extraordinary fast time which have escaped our notice. We give you, however, the best time ever made under our observation, taken from the record, which appeared in our last Pictonian Gazette ("Race and Table"). 18 miles were run by a special train, in 15 minutes, in company with the Duke of Wellington Express Paddington to Shough, in England, 14 miles in 11 minutes, by the locomotive Hamilton Davis, with six cars attached, on the New York Central Railroad, in 1860. 10 miles in 7½ minutes, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, 144 miles in 2 hours and 49 minutes, from Albany to New York, on the Hudson River Railroad. 24 miles in 1 hour and 50 minutes, from Indianapolis to Utica City. 305 miles in 7 hours and 32 minutes, from Albany to Niagara.

TRUE PASSION.—Spring Valley.—The player who went "blind" has the privilege of making his blind good, as you may see by the following rule:—When a player puts up a certain sum blind, or before raising his hand, the party next to him, should see fit to call the blind, must put twice the sum in the pool, with the privilege of running over the blind; on coming around, the one who first entered either makes his blind good by putting up equally with the one who called, or passes his hand. Should no party see the blind, he is entitled to the blind.

T. T. O.—John Grindell, the American ten-mile pedestrian, and Harry the Manx, the jester dancer, made a match for length of endurance, for \$100 a side. The contest came off at 21 Howards street, Feb. 14th, 1858, both men dancing four hours and forty-eight minutes, when the music gave out, which proved a decisive in favor of either. The match was witnessed by at least 75 gentlemen. This is supposed to be the largest time of endurance in jig dancing on record. Cyrus Shay backed John Grindell, and John Briggs backed Harry the Manx.

G. C., Saratoga Springs.—Letters and challenges have appeared; you must have overlooked them. 2. The main referred to is as follows. 3. We are under the impression that it was the White Hobbies that fought against N— last winter. 4. The White Hawk, he were thought to be the best game fowl on top of the earth. It is scarcely possible to say which is the best breed; each has its friends. 5. We have not a copy to spare. 6. Hold the gift with point towards you; the inclination of the point to the right or left will decide its character.

Furnace.—We have no knowledge whatever of the admixture of the two breeds, but the qualities of a shepherd dog are passed, docility, and fidelity, and when well trained exhibit great aptitude for their "calling"; that is truly astonishing. Buffon attributes the origin of the whole canine fraternity to the shepherd dog, which is disputed by other authorities, since there appears to be nothing in common between the greyhound, bulldog, and them. A good shepherd dog is worth from \$50 to \$100.

J. E. H., Native.—The question you proposed is one of set easy solution. We know of four or five varieties, all good layers, viz: Hampshire, Dorset, Black Spanish, and Dutch, every day layers; but as to which yields the most eggs throughout the year, it is hardly possible to say. We would recommend the last to be with doubt, he will do at once, and thus shut out bigger men.

HAZARD, Fortress Monroe.—Bluff!—"In playing at draw poker, I being the older hand, put up my blind, after making it good, have the right to raise it; after we have laid out our hands and before any cards are drawn, so that each one will have to make the whole amount good, or throw up their hands?"..... You can video it.

GROIXON, Albany.—It was General Joseph Johnston that contributed to the defeat of the Union forces at Bull Run. It was Gen. Bushrod Johnston that was captured at Fort Donelson. There are two rebel Generals Johnston now in the field, v. Albert and Joseph.

OLD ROCK, Brooklyn.—1. If the barber will fight you, without the aid of seconds, and without any spectators being present, he cannot be said to have backed down. In fact, it is plain that he does not mean fight at all. 2. Tom Hoyer and Country Metcalf did not fight without seconds.

H. L. B., Camp Foster, Foozville.—It seems to us that as 10 was the third highest throw, it will receive the three prize. Had it been specified that the three best throws, or three high at throws should take the prize, then the case would have been different.

E. L. M.—The rules make no mention of a march in a three-handed game. Hayle says a march is made by securing all the tricks by partners, in which case two points are added to the score of the parties.

W. E. L.—No feed will do it. Exercise will assist you more than meat. 2. There is more nourishment in beef. 3. Levee seems to have brought them to an abrupt conclusion, owing to some difficulty with his publisher.

J. D. B., Beverly, Mass.—Merrissey has not challenged Heenan since his fight with last r. Merrissey said, however, that if Heenan defeated Hayle, he, M., would fight him.

B. J. C., Durque, Ia.—Croydon—"I'm playing at five card cribbage, the aggregate number of points the names put hand amount to but 22. Does the last player take one for the last card?".... Yes.

A. PHENOM.—They have no agents in this city; they are here attending to their own business. A note left in our care will reach them.

JOHN LOONEY, St. Louis.—Tom Sayers was a married man when he fought Heenan, but he was not living with his wife at the time he was born. He is informed.

W. H. S., Troy.—Frank Temple's best time, 2:19½, has never been beaten, and has not even been equalled by any other trotting horse.

CHARLAY.—The popular vote received by Jas. Buchanan for the Presidency of the United States was 1,832,232. Lincoln received 1,257,010.

W. L. L., Palatine, N. Y.—Having bet that odd would win both picture & odd having taken only one when the result became known, I lost the wager.

A. J. C., Boston.—We are not sufficiently posted in military affairs to give you the desired information.

How now, Brooklyn.—Heenan did challenge Merrissey after their fight in Canada.

R. P.—Goss's weight is said to be about 147 lbs. See article elsewhere.

ASHLEY D.—We shall take pleasure in giving publicity to what ever news & items of interest you may send us.

G. F., Louisville.—Those papers were duly mailed to your address.

SHARON, Schenectady, N. Y.—In Hoyle's Games you will find a very good article on Cuckoo.

W. B. H., Johnston, Washington, D. C.—Smith O'Brien did not escape from exile, but was pardoned, in 1856.

ONE OF THE OLD SPORTS.—We have been endeavoring to locate the lady, but without success.

H. J. H., Boston.—The "call boy" holds the better position of the two.

C. H. D., New Haven.—It was destroyed by a fire which occurred in our office a year ago. We lost a large number of cuts by that fire.

J. R. R., New Jersey.—Call upon one of the advertising agencies in the city, and they will arrange it for you.

YORKIN, Baltimore.—Pergone was shot whilst assaulting Gashaw.

H. M., St. Louis.—Jack scores whenever turned up.

ROMANS.—We do not know where the lady is at present.

TRUTH, Milwaukee.—Should give us some endearments.

CONSTANT READER.—Bluff!—D can straddle B.

HOOHIS, Indianapolis.—See answer to "H. B."

J. C., Philadelphia.—Such a picture is not to be had at any price.

AMHERST.—Our impression is that she is an English built vessel.

ALEXANDER DAYDALE.—We have a foreign letter for you.

A FIVE MILE RACE AT MONTREAL.—On the 8th ult., a well-entertained five mile race, for the Champion Metal of the Montreal Snow Shoe Club, came off at Montreal, C. E., and was won by T. W. Taylor. Time, 53 min., 46 sec.

GRANGER HORN CO., of Canandaigua, N. Y., are to give a ball on the 15th of Feb.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF PAT MATTHEWS.—In our last we briefly alluded to the death of Pat Matthews, which event took place at the Hospital on the 14th inst. The wound inflicted upon Matthews was of such a nature as to preclude all hope of his recovery from the time he first entered the Hospital. He was carefully nursed during his illness, and was attended by the best medical skill; but he gradually sank, and passed away as above stated. The funeral took place on Sunday, the 18th, from the residence of his mother, in Greene near Amity street, several thousand people being attracted to the vicinity by the announcement of the funeral. A large number of sporting and political celebrities were in attendance. The body was neatly arrayed in a plain suit of light clothes, and encased in a beautiful black rosewood coffin, ornamented with diamond silver plated screws, and with three heavily silver plated handles on either side. A massive silver plate, on the lid, bore his name and age—the latter was 30 years, 1 month and 19 days. Below this was a beautiful cross of immortel. The mother, sister, brother and some other relatives of the deceased were present as chief mourners, and seemed deeply affected during the funeral services, which were conducted by some Roman Catholic priests, to whose persuasion the deceased was attached. After the services at the house were concluded, a procession was formed, headed by a beautiful hearse adorned with eight large white and black ostrich plumes. It was composed of about twenty carriages, mostly containing females, and these were followed by about five hundred men on foot. The body was taken to Calvary Cemetery for interment. Pat Matthews had a brief, varied career. He was irritable and quick to resent an injury. He was well known in sporting circles, and was an attendant at almost every sporting event of interest. He was no prize fighter, as some of the papers have asserted, but was rather what is termed a "rough and tumble" fighter, like Poole, and Paudeus, who also met with violent deaths. Reynolds, who is said to have stabbed Matthews, has been admitted to bail in the sum of \$6000. A motion has been made for the discharge of Whiston and Sully, who were said to have been implicated with Reynolds in the affair with Matthews. It is a matter of great surprise to us, that, considering the fighting element in this city, and the deadly weapons carried by most of such characters, there are not ten times the number of assassinations to record.

THE NEW ARBITRATOR FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Joe Goss, who has challenged Macé for the championship, is bold, in putting forth such a challenge. Does he mean it? Will he fight? These are questions we hear in sporting circles, solutions to which, however, are not so readily given. The heavy weights of England of the present day are subtended by those of the light division, and the championship of England is now held by a man whose weight is but 164 lbs. But here comes along another aspirant for the honors, who brings the pounds still lower down, and turns the scale at one hundred and forty-seven pounds, only! Those of the heavy weights who have of late years contended for the belt have all been defeated by smaller men; men, who, in years gone by, would have had no more idea of fighting for the belt than Jeff Davis has. Tom Sayers, of 152 lbs. weight, and standing five feet eight inches in height, made a plaything of the burly Tipton Shaver, who weighed about 180 lbs., and was over six feet in height. Benjamin, another big 'un, was twice defeated by the same boxer. Hurst, fresh and of gigantic size, was shorn of his strength by Macé; and King, another big 'un, had to succumb to the same pugilist. Instead of the belt passing into the hands of the big division, the prospects now are—if Goss's challenge is really meant—that the belt will be kept among the lighter class of pugs. What if Goss should make a good fight, and compel Macé to cry peccor? Think of a man weighing one hundred and forty-seven pounds holding the championship of England. And such a thing may, possibly, come to pass. Goss is said to be remarkably clever; he has fought a number of battles, winning all. He is about 28 years of age, stands 5 feet 8½ inches in height, and seems to be well posted in ring tactics. By our latest foreign advice nothing further had transpired regarding Goss's challenge, but, if boxo fits, Macé is bound to accept, and this, no doubt, he will do at once, and thus shut out bigger men.

ILLUSTRATIONS ON BILLIARD.—On the evening of the 20th inst. Messrs Phelan, Kavanaugh, Stone, Perkins, and other billiard celebrities, convened at the billiard salons of Mr. Kilcuff, opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel, for the purpose of giving practical illustrations in their favorite game. A not very numerous, but highly appreciative gathering of those who like to see the balls kept moving on scientific principles, were there, and applauded the players when anything brilliant was done. The principal event of the evening was a bout of 540 points between Messrs. Kavanaugh and Phelan, but was so much one side from the start, that the interest in it as a contest, was annihilated. Comment on the play would be superfluous, after stating the fact that Phelan won by 307 points to 600. The highest run made, was 49, by the winner, who made excellent average counts, scoring 600 in 45 minutes, including the time occupied by his opponent. Kavanaugh was exceedingly unfortunate at the beginning of the game, that we did not wonder at his bad and sometimes careless play at the finish. However, this event was only a "square off" for the defeat Phelan met with on the previous Monday evening, at his own rooms, when Kavanaugh was by about 240 points in 1000, under precisely similar circumstances. The next encounter was between Kavanaugh and the veteran Stone, in which the former "bagged the game." A four handed set-to between Messrs. Kavanaugh and Freeman, and Neil Bryant and Perkins, the winner of the prize table in the late tourney, was also watched with interest and gratification. After this, Mons. Kilcuff tried all he knew to kill the boys with kindness, and lay on Macduff was the word, during a pleasant and hilarious hour. It is proper to add, that several shrewd and charitable individuals took one or more chances for that pin soon to be raffled for, for the benefit of a lone widow. Query.—Is she a grass widow, and is she hard up for "pence?"

DISTURBING THE DOG FIGHTERS AGAIN.—Notwithstanding the determination of the authorities to put an end to dog fighting for money, it seems that the practice is still carried on in a sort of private manner; but the privates in the business are beginning to be "pulled" by their private ears, the latest arrest being that of Jim McLaughlin, of 155 First Avenue. On Friday evening, Feb. 14th, a canine contest was in the course of settlement at McLaughlin's house, of which the police got wind, and while the assemblage was enjoying the sport of a spirited fight, the "blues" suddenly appeared in force, invaded the rebels, and cut off all ready made facilities. At a given signal they commenced the attack on the dogged assemblage, and McLaughlin and most of his men were compelled to surrender, although they protested that it was both "un-generous" and "un-chivalrous" not to grant an armistice of three minutes to allow them to make their escape. Like Floyd, a number of the canine supporters stole away in the dark, but the "blues" succeeded in capturing McLaughlin, and the following named high officials:

Martin Bengtan, Chas. Wagner, Daniel Bergan, Geo. Johnson, Christopher Koh man, James Clark, Daniel Wood, Dominick McConnell, Felix Vandam, James Kelly, Martin Buckley, Harry Carter, Geo. Thomson, Patrick McNally, Francis Staggard, Joseph Simper, Owen McGrath, Cornelius O'Grady, Patrick Phillips, Samuel Morris, John Hart, Harry Gray, Peter Moahan, James Bowmer, Michael Campbell, Patrick Kirvin, Chas. Gaynor, Edward Durham, Joseph Mayoff, Michael Mulligan, Daniel Jackson, Joseph Sweeney, John Burns and John Duffy. They were taken before Justice Sievers who discharged all but the proprietor, whom he held to bail in the sum of \$500 to answer for keeping a disorderly house.

This is not the first time McLaughlin has been arrested for keeping a disorderly house. On a former charge he was bound over for trial, but we have not learned that the case ever reached Court.

As for the rest, we have been endeavoring to locate the lady, but without success.

H. J. H., Boston.—The "call boy" holds the better position of the two.

C. H. D., New Haven.—It was destroyed by a fire which occurred in our office a year ago. We lost a large number of cuts by that fire.

J. R. R., New Jersey.—Call upon one of the advertising agencies in the city, and they will arrange it for you.

YORKIN, Baltimore.—Pergone was shot whilst assaulting Gashaw.

H. M., St. Louis.—Jack scores whenever turned up.

ROMANS.—We do not know where the lady is at present.

TRUTH, Milwaukee.—Should give us some endearments.

CONSTANT READER.—Bluff!—D can straddle B.

HOOHIS, Indianapolis.—See answer to "H. B."

J. C., Philadelphia.—Such a picture is not to be had at any price.

AMHERST.—Our impression is that she is an English built vessel.

ALEXANDER DAYDALE.—We have a foreign letter for you.

A FIVE MILE RACE AT MONTREAL.—On the 8th ult., a well-entertained five mile race, for the Champion Metal of the Montreal Snow Shoe Club, came off at Montreal, C. E., and was won by T. W. Taylor. Time, 53 min., 46 sec.

GRANGER HORN CO., of Canandaigua, N. Y., are to give a ball on the 15th of Feb.

ANOTHER AGAIN.—Whenever there is anything going on of interest to the sporting world, we always take care that the Clipper shall be early in the field with the best, the fairest, and most reliable reports. Thus it was with the late fight for the Championship of England between Macé and King. We received our correspondence and papers on Saturday morning, and on Saturday evening the Clipper was put to press with full details of the battle, and thousands of copies of our paper were distributed through the city on Sunday, and thousands more sent abroad by the early trains leaving here on Monday morning. The extra edition printed was exhausted on Monday, and another edition was at once struck off; but this did not suffice to meet the demand, and other editions followed, all of which met a ready sale. We had the field pretty much to ourselves, although it is said that a "highly educated" contemporary printed a small, "classical" edition, containing a jumbled up account of the fight, but as it was rather beyond the comprehension of the sporting community, the "boys" let it severely alone. There is such a thing as being too highly educated, too classical, and too egotistical; and "that's what's the matter" with our "highly educated" but decaying contemporary.

EXCITING TIMES.—We have had an exciting time of it late. What with the capture of Roanoke Island, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, and other rebel strongholds, we have had cause enough for enthusiasm. The people have been in a delirium of joy, and when the news of the capture of Fort Donelson was received, the business seemed to be suspended by general comment. Flags were flown aloft, cannon thundered forth their notes of victory, and the air was filled with the shouts of myriads of freemen. The few secession sympathizers we had in our midst, silently subduced, and are heard of no more. We are struggling for the preservation of the Union, and each victory gained by our army is a nail in the coffin of secession. Three cheers and a damn big elephant. Excuse all profanity in times like these.

THREE CHEERS AND A THUMBS.—Yes, the great victories the Union army has achieved, are deserving of three cheers and an elephant. We felt mighty cheap at the defeat we met with at Bull Run, and envied the rebels the glorification they were having over that event; but Fort Donelson knocks Bull Run and every other Rebel Run into smithereens. Our day of tribulation is o'er, and the glorious old flag again floats to the breeze from rebel fortifications reduced by Yankee "madills." We rather think that the rebels have ascertained by this time that the Yankees can make iron autmgs as well as wooden ones, and that they also know how to dispose of them to a greater advantage than any nation they ever got up.

THE MATCH AND KING FIGHT.—It is exceeded in sporting circles that King took them by surprise by the determined stand he made in fight with such a general as Macé. They had no idea that he would show so well in a contest with a man who has the reputation of being the cleverest boxer in all England. No doubt Macé was also surprised, for he did not seem to fight with his accustomed ability; but

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 367.

Heavy man to his occupations. Mr. S. Edwards, in his "History of the Opera," says: "I am told, the London汇报man went one night to the pit of Her Majesty's Theatre to hear Jenny Lind, and on seeing the Swedish Nightingale, exclaimed, breathless with admiration and exultation, 'What a throat to scrag!'"

The Melodeon Salomone, has passed into the hands of J. Gideon & Co. G. does' band comprises Johnny Heavy, John Cluckey, Charley Buckley, Miss Carrie Lemon, and others. The "Seven Star Sisters" have also been performing there.

The National, at Boston, has come out quite "scrupulous" in the way of stars. The Royal Ballet Troop has been re-engaged. Miss Edwina Valdore and Signorina Amelita Galati are also presenting. Then we have such "accessories before the fact" as Kate Pommeroy, Augusta Waiby, Sophie Bernard, and Agnes Harrington. George L. Warren, Billy West, and W. C. Morgan, with the usual stock, are to give a "galaxy" time.

Miss Charlotte Thompson had a charming debut at Pittsburgh on the 13th, and is now in Cincinnati, where she has an engagement of four weeks with the orchestra, and is also an engaged actress with a theatre in Philadelphia.

James H. Kardonach is giving dramatic readings at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh, under the management of Mr. Henderson, during a recess at the manager's usual theatre. We hope James will not run off to Harrisburg this time, especially as the tickets are fifty cents, and no discount for smoke.

Manager Fleming has certainly created a "revival" at the Howard, Boston. Mr. John Dwyer is now there, and many important changes have been made in the company. The list, as now assembled, should comprise A. Plunkett, D. Stoddard, George Pauchant, James Dusa, Peter C. Byrne, W. C. Curtis, C. H. Wilson, E. B. Holmes, S. H. Verney, Morris, Clinton, Manual, Fiedl, Gourey, and last, but by no means least, Joseph P. Price, with Mademoiselle James Dusa, Kate and Mollie Newton, Isabella Freeman, Kendrook, Verney, Drury, Flook, Sylvester, Jackson, Jones, etc. A hard party to beat, especially with glorious Tom Conner in the orchestra. An original local comedy is in rehearsal, and we rather think that Brother Fleming has had "one of those" dreams from Dan Bryant's, or else hit upon a lucky combination.

Canadians were on a lake of indecision when they lately had Mrs. Matt Peal's Campbell, Hough's dramatic company, and five hundred ladies skating on Canadas Lake. We understand that the girls with the high-heeled shoes carried all before them. Quite likely.

Another new concert-salon—the third—has recently been opened at Alexandria, Va., and is called the Odeon. C. Price and Harry Brown are the proprietors. Go in.

A terrible time has been raised by one of the London (Canada) papers, about the (case of) Campbell Minstrels, stating that the company did not pay as they go, and winding up with calling them "Gambollers & Swindlers," etc. Cool Burgess, happening to be connected with the concern, writes as follows:—"The truth is, that we were to have played in London on the 21st and 22nd January. On the morning of the 20th, I received a telegram from Toronto to come down at once, as I was wanted to attend some private meetings at my home in Yorkville. I left London on the understanding that I would be up in time to perform on the night of the 21st, but on account of the storm, I did not get to Toronto in time to return, and consequently telegraphed the Company that I would be up for the night of the 22d, and was on hand accordingly; but you may judge of my surprise when I found the company non-ex—they had left for Paris, at least to me, unknown, and in their departure forgot to leave my clothes and instruments behind them. Their job printing was paid—\$14—but they did not pay for the advertisement in the London paper—\$25—and this is what the hue and cry is raised about. I paid my own bill of expenses, and came home fatter but wiser (indeed)—as regards travelling with the show."

John E. McDonough was announced in open at the Howard Auditorium, Boston, on Monday, with the "Seven Sisters."

In our last, we stated that the company of the Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia, volunteered their services for the Marshall testimonial, at the Academy. We understood so at the time. We have since learned that the lessee received two hundred and fifty dollars for the company, and thirty dollars for the extra orchestra. The benefit yielded Mr. Marshall twenty two hundred dollars.

We understand that Camp Goodman, Point of Rocks, Md., was calved on Washington's Birthday by a grand musical and dramatic entertainment, similar to that given on Christmas Day last, by the "Geary Thespian Corps," originally formed from the 28th Regt. Pennsylvania Volunteers, Col. John W. Geary yet occupying that important camp. The "Geary Glee Club," another association among the same gallant regiment, also contributed much to the enjoyment on such occasions. The "Acrobatic Brothers," composed of the "musclemen" in camp, can show off in "feats" as well as hands of daring. Lieut. Thomas H. Elliott is stage manager, Lieut. Gilbert L. Parker acting manager, Lieut. J. G. Warwick leader of orchestra, and Corp. Wm. Roberts, Jr., Equestrian director. We shall probably be able to make room in our next issue for the particulars of the performances on Saturday last. According to the latest programme in our possession, the principal performers are Captain W. H. Woodward, and G. D. Hammer, Lieut. Parker, Wm. Mackay, Robertson, and Thomas Elliott, Sergt. Major, P. E. Black, and Capt. G. C. Moore, Anthony, S. H. Hines, George Barnes, W. R. Webster, Jr., Burges, Haynes, and Lippincott, and Witham; Privates P. F. Worley, Terence, Fagan, Fred. George P. Henry, Crawford, William M. Clark, Louis G. Etting, Samuel Steck, D. King, Cravas, Abby A. Spier, Chas. C. Alken, T. J. Neil, Wm. Copeland, Anthony Beck, John Lewis, P. W. Ash, Jacob Kettner, Henry Shaw, A. S. Adler, John Hays, Connelly, Martin, Arrell, Bates, Edward H. Coggins, Haverstock, J. H. Cook, S. A. Murray, and others, not forgetting Master Willie L. Gary, a son of the noble colonel. This splendid regiment has a grand march of its own, Company B has a song of its own, and the whole institution has a high character of its own, all of which we feel is quite safe either a day of duty or an evening of amusement. We feel proud to know that the little Corps is not forgotten, under any circumstances, and that our correspondence from military friends is constantly increasing.

O. Bullard's Panorama of New York City, is up for freight or charter, all in trim for any destination that may be desired.

Albert Norton, the well-known manager of Belle Davies' sleevess, has this "foul smile" of New York to dispose of, at Worcester, Mass. See the advertisement at head of this department.

The Aztec Cadillacs headed angle at No. 30 Wooster street, Providence, R. I., on 21st Feb., and seem likely to hang on around a week. A stick is not likely.

There is one Professor E. S. Fowler lecturing on phrenology at Allentown, N. J. Is this fair or foul?

Mr. and Mrs. Ryan are reported as having done well in Providence, R. I. Sam took a benefit on the 21st, and it looks as though a second week will induce Kate to do in Providence a little longer.

An attractive place is Providence at all seasons.

We perceive that Mr. B. R. Maguire is new stage manager for Mr. W. H. Riley at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee. The Goldmans, Martin and Balla, we are glad to see retained.

Of all the general's out West, where is he who can comply with the army regulations and compete with General Tom Thumb? If any, let him look out. We have so long "boyarded" Tom's movements, and left him to "take the consequences," that we hesitate not to declare his recent stay in St. Louis as very glorious. He broke up his camp there on the evening of the 23d Feb., and proceeded to Vincennes, Ind., on the 24th. He next occupies Terre Haute, 25th and 26th; Greencastle, 27th; and makes a determined stand at Indianapolis on the 28th.

Miss Matt Peal's Campbell Minstrels were at Utica on the 19th and 20th Feb. Some changes have taken place in the company since the fire at Buffalo. It now includes, Mrs. Huntley, Gustavus Bideau, Add Weaver, Master George Gandy, Bass, W. H. Lewis, Matt Thompson, Frank and Gen. Talbot, Tac. MacNeil, Richard Arnold, Wallace W. H. Horner, Arnold, Eugene Lamartine, and Frank Stevens. One seems to be the latest bearing.

Father Kemp, of the Original Old Folks' Concert Company, is still as previously remarked by us, to sit a curtain foot, and show a world in Boston, and now announces "Monday Popular Concert," commencing on the 3d March. May be so. If so, make a note.

Dollie Dalton's levees are well attended wherever her little majesty may stay to hold a drawing room entertainment. After leaving Massachusetts, the little Doll will form her court at Nashua, New Hampshire, Concord, Laconia, Bristol, Haverhill, Littleton, Lisbon, and Bath, in New Hampshire. Next follows a tour of the towns in Vermont; and next, no objection being made by Queen Victoria, her dolls will spread her hoops into Canada, via St. John's and Montreal. We presume that Albert Norton retains his usual office of Lord High Chamberlain to the troupe, although Dollie is not an infant of Spain.

Matilda Heron commenced an engagement at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, on the 17th Feb. Tidy deserves credit for perseverance, as she keeps on tilling.

The reputation we have for omniscience and eminence, on account of our immense correspondence, has some disquiet, especially as we are frequent, and could request to contradict what we have never asserted, the present opportunity that we certainly printed whatever may have been sent us. Writers are requested to contradict some assertions that were probably printed in some other papers, the case becomes decidedly refractory.

By special advice from Louisville we were informed of the arrest of L. G. Wood, Frank Sheppard, W. H. Griffin, and John McDermott, travelling with the female Zouaves and Minstrels; and, while mentioning this fact in our issue of the 15th Feb., as far from pretending to judge of the case, we distinctly stated that "a delay of one week for a hearing has been arranged by the parties concerned." This simple statement shows that we cannot contradict what we never asserted, nor retract charges which we never made. The Napoleonic advice about people having dirty linen washed in privacy, seems to be lost upon public performers who will insist upon use of reprimandatory correspondence, and then supposing that editors are foolish enough to make use of such assertions.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Seaman, with their talented company, known as P. H. Seaman's Varieties, were at Cooperstown, N. Y., on the 17th and 18th Feb. Clarksdale, South Valley, and Cherry Valley, followed next in the line of advance. Seaman seems great as a Yankee Clown, but Young Seaman is a greater on the Chinese rings and single drapes. Mr. Glenroy as principal gymnast, and the Peter Hong Family, with Mrs. Seaman, seem going on finely for fame and fortune.

A California theatrical agency has just been started in San Francisco, by Mr. Sherry Corby, whose knowledge of the business and intimate acquaintance with the professors should be sufficient to insure the enterprise's success. See advertisement in the department.

What remains of Kate Englands, to Miss Bateman's Juliet, at the Boston Museum, seems to have increased the public estimation of dramatic and artistic power.

From Pittsburgh we learn some sad particulars of the death of Mr. J. E. De Courcy, which occurred in that city on the 10th Feb. De Courcy was a member of Manager Head's company, and a fortnight previous to the day of his death went out with Mason, Miller and Smith, all three on horseback, in accordance with a previous arrangement. The two latter are expert horsemen, but De Courcy, although dexterous in being so considered, was not. They caused him in regard to some of his movements. Happening to drop his whip, he lost his balance in trying to recover it, and had a bad fall, but remained so firmly that his companions paid no particular attention, and went ahead. Missing De Courcy after while, they went back and found him ushered, with his face and one hand much injured. De Courcy's horse was recovered, and the three companions took the saddle for home on a walk. De Courcy asserting that he was not much hurt, although grunting as his face must be much disfigured for some time. He was carefully attended to, and went out once, seeming to be partly recovered, but his powers of recuperation failed during the second week of his illness. Manager Henderson and the members of the company did all they could for the sufferer, and were in hopes to save him, but death closed the scene, and Mr. De Courcy's mother was sent from New York. She arrived on the 11th Feb., and brought the remains to the city. See our "Amateur Theatricals."

Dalyton, Ohio, has not been overlooked by travelling companies. The Alleganians were there on the 10th and 11th Feb., and the Campbell Minstrels, J. C. Goethals, opened on the 15th, with Price and Brundage at the ends, C. Abbott, Tom Williams, Wm. W. Pratt, M. H. Gandy, O. Moulton, J. Thompson, Geo. Pratt, W. W. Pratt, and W. W. Hartson agent. The Contingents are to follow.

As we expected, the Dasher Troop has continued their engagements at the 20th, and are perfecting their arrangements for the 21st.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Mementos, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Musical Profession.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 672 Broadway, above Grand Street.
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JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer. I WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushears.
A ROSS, Officer.

SIXTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENNOWNED
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The company is composed of the following talented artists:-
S. O. CAMPBELL, the distinguished baritone.

J. P. HORN, T. J. PEEL, N. W. GOULD,
J. E. SIVORI, W. L. HOWES, G. S. POWELL,
J. W. HILTON, E. H. FLORENCE, T. GETTINS,
J. MORRISON, J. GARAAGUA, FRANCIS LESLIE,
NEIL BRYANT, DAN BRYANT.

In a variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c. For particulars see bill of the day. Tickets, 25cts. 35cts.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, SIUVEY HALL, 659 BROADWAY
R. M. HOOLEY & G. W. H. GRIFFIN.....Proprietors.

A BAND OF PICKED STARS.
Each member standing at the head of his profession, and without a rival in his peculiar line.

CHARLEY FOX, W. ARLINGTON,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN, DAVE REED,
ROLLIN HOWARD, J. C. REEVES,
E. J. MELVILLE, GEO. GRAY,
T. MCNALLY, AUGT ASCHE,
J. SMITZ, and R. M. HOOLEY,
L. A. ZWILLER, Agent.

All the newest features of Negro Minstrelsy skillfully performed by the above incomparable troupe.

Doors open at 6 1/2, to commence at 7 1/2. Tickets 25cts. [25-1/2]

444 AMERICAN MUSIC HALL, 444
444 BROADWAY 444 BROADWAY 444
MENDEMOND ENTHUSIASM!

CROWDED HOUSES! CROWDED HOUSES!

HUNDREDS UNABLE TO GAIN ADMISSION!
The entertainment nightly given at this establishment far exceeds, in splendor and magnitude, anything of the kind ever attempted on this side of the Atlantic. The immense company attached to the American Music Hall

STAND FIRST IN THEIR LINE
on the score of talent, originality, intellect and versatility, forming THE GREATEST COMBINATION OF ARTISTS IN THE WORLD.
Behold the list of talent:

TONY PASIOR, BEN COTTON,
GEARLEY WHITE, BOB HART,

J. A. HERMAN, HARRY LESLIE,
JOHNNY PIERCE, M. TURNER,
MARTIN GERMAINE AND TOMMY,
MISS ERNESTINE DAIFER,

MISS MILLIE FLORA, MISS ANNIE LEE,
MISS IDA ROSS, MISS MATILDA SCHULZER,
FRANK MONELL, MISS A. HARRISON, MISS FLORENCE,
JULIA MELVILLE, MOLLIE MAYNE,

Together with a full and efficient CORPS DE BALLET,
Under the direction of MONS PAUL BRILLANT,
AND THE BEST ORCHESTRA IN THE CITY,
Under the immediate supervision of FRED VON OLKER.

Admission, Parquette 20cts; Gallery 10cts; Private Boxes \$4.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Proprietor.
44-45 MONS LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

GREAT CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, 555 BROADWAY.
THE MOST PAPUROUS APPLAUSE
AND CONTINUOUS SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER

Are nightly elicited from DELIGHTED THOUSANDS, BY THE
GREAT CANTERBURY COMPANY, composed by all to be
THE LARGEST, MOST VERSAILE AND TALENTED
that ever appeared upon one stage in the United States.

BILLY BIRCH, BEN COTTON,
the two greatest delineators of the contraband race in the world,
appear in their original songs, dances and burlesque acts every night.

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without a doubt the greatest array of stars ever before congregated in any similar troupe.

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Parties of known ex-lesco during string engagements.

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BUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS,
NOW IN EUROPE.

Performing with that success heretofore unknown in the
ANNALS OF MINSTRELSY.

THE COMPANY NOW ATTACHED ARE:-

H. S. RUMSEY, W. W. NEWCOMB,
J. H. DULEY, LITTLE BOBBY,
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Each member being selected for his superior excellence and individual talent.

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COOL WHITE, MANAGER.

This popular place of amusement will open for the Spring and Summer season, on MONDAY, MARCH 3d,

with the Great Moral Play, in Six Acts, and Five Tableaux, entitled "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

The revival of this sublime production has created an enthusiasm throughout the country, hitherto unprecedented.

The case will embrace

THE FIRST TALENT IN THE COUNTRY.

In order not to erase the deep impression this sublime entertainment leaves on the memory.

NO THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE

Will be connected with it. 45-1/2

P. H. SEAMON & CO'S VARIETIES,
COMPRISING A CORNET BAND, GYMNASTIC TROUPE,
CORPS DE BALLET, JESTERS, VENTRiloquists,
AND GENERAL PERFORMERS.

Now on its travels, and meeting with fair success.

Is the company are

P. H. SEAMON, the Great Yankee Clown,

MRS. P. H. SEAMON, the Down East Yankee Girl Dancer,

YOUNG SEAMON, Nigger Dancer, etc.

Making an entertainment in themselves.

44-1/2 In addition, however, are other performers of note.

CARTER'S ZOUAVE STAR SISTERS, ("Seven Star Sisters,") to

number, now in the "drill," commanded by Madame CARTER, are now open for engagements, in their route West from Baltimore. Their repertoire, besides their famous drill, consists of Singing, Dancing, Sack Wire, Drum and File, Seats, &c., &c.

"An unusual excitement has been created among playgoers by the wonderful, beautiful, and chaste impersonations of the Seven Star Sisters, at the Melodeon, &c. — Advertisements, Feb. 13.

Address, J. HENEGAR CARTER, care Frank Quinn,
Copper Office, N. Y.

44-1/2

TO MANAGERS OF THEATRES AND LEADERS OF ORCHESTRAS.—Bad parts of all THOMAS BAKER'S Popular Music must be bad for large or small bands. The only charge made is for copying. Apply, stating number of instruments, to THOMAS BAKER, Laura Keene's Theatre, N. Y., or 52 St. Mark's Place. 45-1/2

NIBLOS GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager.....HENRY C. JARRATT.

Second week of the engagement of

MRS. JOHN WOOD,
AND
M. J. COLLINS.

The beautiful Spectacular Drama of

THE COLLEEN BAWN.

THE SCENERY IS ALL ENTIRELY NEW.

Painted by J. H. Selwyn.

The ORCHESTRA under direction of Mr. J. P. COOKE.

STAGE DIRECTOR.....LEON J. VINCENT.

THIS EVENING AND EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,

will be presented, the Great Irish Drama, in three acts and four Tableaux, founded on Historical Facts, entitled

COLLEEN BAWN.

OR THE BRIDES OF GUYROVEN.

Danny Mann.....Mr. W. Sculley Craggan.

Hardress Craggan, Mr. L. E. Shewell | Hyland Creagh.....Mr. James

Daly.....Mr. Wall Barly O'More.....Mr. Francis

Father Tom.....Mr. Gao Ryer.

EILY O'CONNOR, the Colleen Bawn.....MRS. JOHN WOOD

Annie Chute, the Colleen Rhued.....Miss Emma Taylor

Mrs. Craggan.....Mrs. John Vining.

Shelah.....Miss Mary Wells

Ducie Blennervasket.....Miss J. Harry

In the course of the Drama, MR. COLLINS will sing "ID MOURN

THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME," "CRUISEEN LAWN," and "THE

BOYS OF KILKENNY."

MRS. JOHN WOOD will sing the "CRUISEEN LAWN," and

"THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW," and a duet with Mr. Collins, entitled "MYLES'S FAREWELL TO ELY."

SYNOPSIS OF SCENEY AND INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—Scene 1—The Lake of Killarney by Moonlight—The Irish

Leander: the Proposal; the Light on Muskross Head; thrice it

goes in, and thrice it goes out; the Signal; the Amisgation with the Colleen Bawn.

Scene 2—THE GAP OF DONLOE. Myles of the Posies; the Bride;

Myles engaged as a Spy.

Scene 3—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Jug of

Punch; the Irish Cottage; Foreide; the Crakeleen Law; the

Marriage Lieve; the Oath.

ACT II—THE GAP. The Proposal of Danny Mac; Give me your

glove and I'll clear the Colleen from your path; the Token;

Scene 2—TORC REGAN'S HOUSE. The Resolve; the Token;

Scene 3—TORC LAKE and McGILLICUD'S REAKS. Eily left alone;

Annie Chute; the two Brides face to face; the Colleen Rhued

and the Colleen Bawn; the Irish Lady and the Irish Peasant

Girl.

Scene 4—THE RUINS OF THE CHAPEL. The Thunder Storm; the

Shelter; Eily's Letter of Adieu.

Scene 5—MYLES'S WATCH HOUSE. The rope and the entry to

O'Donohue's stable.

Scene 6—THE WATER CAVE.

The Flying Bridge—a puzzle for the Geasers; the Demand and

Murder.

ACT III—SHEELAH'S HUT. The Dying Boy; the Confession, Cor-

rigan in a Turf Hole; the Spy obtains evidence.

Scene 2—THE PARLOR IN CASTLE CHUTE. The Two Friends; the

Mistake.

Scene 3—MYLES'S COTTAGE. The Mysterious Inhabitant; Myles in

a corner.

Scene 4—THE OUTSKIRTS OF CASTLE CHUTE. Corrigan in his

Gory; the sentinels surrounding the House.

Scene 5—T. H. E. B. A

want of employment, will be forced to sell themselves instead of their refreshments. This is what our moralists call reform.

James H. O'Conor, attached to Walack's Theatre, died in this city on the 19th Feb., in the 29th year of his age.

Dion Boucicault desires having raised a secession flag at his Lynden Theatre. Letters are reported as having been received in this city at the time Dion is said to have "seceded," stating positively that the confederate flag had been raised by Boucicault; this was when the "Great Outrage" created such excitement in London. Now, then, who is right, Boucicault, or the letter writers? There must be an error somewhere. Give us the facts.

Guess there's been a little trouble at Laura Keene's. Mrs. Chapman and Miss Lotte Hough have left there, and accepted positions in Mr. Baker's company at the New York Museum, (Walack's old haunt). Little Mary Belleau, Laura's Butterly and Cupid in the Seven Sisters, also goes with Baker to play Eva. Wonder what made the ladies leave.

We have been so accustomed to associate the name of Agnes Roberson with the Colleen Bawn, that we were somewhat surprised when we read the announcement that Mrs. John Wood, the great burlesque actress, was about to essay the character of Eily O'Connor; and it was some time before we became satisfied that so burlesque was intended, but, that we were to have the "Colleen Bawn" revived, pure and simple, and that Mrs. Wood was to assume the character of the gentle and loving Eily. The part is so directly opposite to Mrs. W.'s line of business that we had some doubts as to her ability to do it justice. Mr. John Collins, Irish comedian, was announced to appear as Myles O'Copponole, and Mageday evening, February 17th, was fixed for the reproduction of the play, at Nibbs' Garden. The night was stormy, and so disagreeable that we were perfectly surprised to see so large and fashionable an audience present; but the attraction was great, and hence a full house was the result. The performers were all well received, especially Collins and Miss Wood. Messrs. Shawell and Scallan, from the Philadelphia theatres, made their first bow to a New York audience, and Miss Emma Taylor, also from Philadelphia, made her appearance for the first time in New York for many years. She was attached to the Chambers Street Theatre, while under the management of the late Mr. Burton. The entry of the strangers was the signal for a hospitable greeting. It is hardly fair to criticise as a first performance, especially where there had been but little time for rehearsal; on this occasion there was some excuse for the few errors perceptible. On Friday evening, Feb. 21st, we visited the house again, and found the play crowded, and everything seemed to be put into good working order, the play being performed in a highly creditable manner. As Eily O'Connor, Mrs. Wood created a very favorable impression, and her personation of the character was much better than we had expected to witness. Her singing was effective, (the Cruises Lawns being loudly applauded) and she was correct in all the details of the role. Mr. Collins enacted the part of Myles with ability and effect, introducing some entirely new points, which added interest to the performance. In the rendering of the vocal parts, the fine voice of Mr. Collins was an attractive feature of the entertainment, the singing of the beautiful song, "I'd Mour the Hopes that Leave Me," being especially noticeable. Danny Mann, in the hands of Mr. Scallan, sew to our boards, was a most able performance. In our opinion, Mr. S. surpassed both Mr. Wheatleight and Mr. Johnson in his rendering of the character. It was a masterly performance, and was decidedly a complete success. Mr. Scallan receiving well merited applause wherever he appeared upon the stage. Mr. Shawell, too, as Hardress Crease, acted his part most creditably. The acting of Miss Taylor and Miss Wells was also very good, both appearing to advantage. A little less affected on the part of Miss Emma would be an improvement, however. We regretted to notice that Miss Wood, a pale-skinned artist, and a talented one, allowed herself to give her bare expression to the character of Mrs. O'Connor, to deprive it of its natural impressiveness in the last act. Father Tom and Kyle Daly had able representation in the persons of Mr. Gee and Mr. Wall. The stage arrangements and scenic effects are commendable, the two prominent scenes, the "Lake of Killarney" and the "Water Cave," being really beautiful. In the latter scene, Mr. Collins manages the rescue of Eily somewhat different from Mr. Bourneaut. When he first discovers the body of the Colleen Bawn, he grasps it, but lets it slip from his hold, and he then dives for it, and can be seen bearing the body along until he reaches the rock, upon which he clammers with Eily clasped in one arm. The last scene, the "Ball Room," is magnificently managed, and makes a capital finish. To say that the play was well received, and warmly applauded, is simply to state the fact. It has drawn very large audiences throughout the week, and bids fair to fill the house for some time. We would mention that the orchestra has been placed in charge of that able and popular conductor, Mr. Cooke, formerly the maestro at Burton's. The music of the piece, if we remember correctly, is almost the same as that composed and arranged by Mr. Thomas Baker, when the Colleen Bawn was first produced here by Mr. Bourneaut. We presume Mr. Cooke does not intentionally desire to deprive Mr. Baker of the credit due for his music, and we therefore suggest that courtesy, if nothing more, should induce the management to give Mr. Baker public credit for the use of his music, as they have given Mr. Bourneaut credit as the author of the drama. In playing the overture, a little more spirit would add to its beauty; and now, perchance, it is little drab.

Comedian, Nat in Mr. Bourneaut's small dwarf, and said to be his greatest "sensation." But it so. We are always willing to repeat, however, that the current news in Ireland is of no use to us, like independence in other public "institutions," and certainly wish well to all our neighbors and countrymen. At the same time, "if we have a propensity for anything," it is to use our position in favor of sound principles, and truly artistic advancement, in opposition to every kind of sensational or ephemeral humbug. Any ordinary reader of the usual "editorial notices" of Barron's Magazine, might very naturally suppose that the place was filled with whales or snakes, pigeons or "monsters of flesh," new discoveries or old curiosities, etc. To this we have no objection. Mr. Barron is quite competent to manage his own business, and (with his active brigadier general's) knows how to make himself "master of the situation." The example of the Boston Museum, now one of the best theatres in our country, but which was gradually improved by apparent concessions to its present perfect, almost in spite (so to speak) of the prejudices of the surrounding population, is a case in point; and has, doubtless, not been lost to Mr. Barron's observation. No doubt he has his own "policy of advancement," and, as the Prospects of additional spasmos, he would have to do with "one with 'the most remarkable' features." But, the Museum, being a place of public amusement, we have some "scruples in the premises," as well as its spirited proprietor. We therefore take the liberty of assuring the "still small voice" of truth, and all the surrounding circles of puffery, to announce the fact that the dramatic department of the Museum, under the management of Mr. F. T. Taylor, is honored with as talented and as complete a company as any manager need wish. Perhaps we shall not be thanked for making this announcement, especially at the present time of dwarfs with long sparsorial appendages, or pugnacious with short memories. Nevertheless, there is the fact of the dramatic company in existence, however temporary policy may require its being kept comparatively unnoticed, especially by the time-serving puff writers. Performers must be imbued with a genuine love of their profession when they engage to give their services to an establishment where the ruling policy tells them, "All who enter here must leave hope (puff's) behind." A puff for a performer at the Museum is to be "frowned down" by the management, although all the parties concerned perfectly understand why the dramatic element had to be kept in the shade. Brother Barron has a perfect right to give the free use of his "Lecture Room" to the clergy of the Christian Alliance every Sunday evening, but it is not the duty of the Museum to be a "puff's" butt. The Museum play second fiddle to Burton's. Mr. P. T. Barron holds a candle before Miss K. malib. Why not "own up" to having a little "theatre," a capital stage manager, and a company of admirable and devoted performers? "Who's afraid?" Look at W. L. Jameson. Is he not the Lester Wallack of the down-town ladies? Dith he not fill the eye of the feminines with all many grace? Then, that the bolder and more exuberant (in the case) J. E. Nagle, who is always correct and pleasing. Then, what a glorious old father, or forgiving uncle, or kindred sailor, we find in Mr. John Bridgeman. He is "the right hand" of Manager Taylor, the "encyclopedia of references" for the entire establishment, the soul of humor, and "while cows duke" everywhere. Then comes Tom Hadaway, whose ringing voice is familiar in the ears of all the present generation of Yorkers, and, no matter how many times he may "retire" to Long Island, the public must and will have the Hadaway. Brother Barron has a permanent right to the use of his "Lecture Room" to the clergy of the Christian Alliance every Sunday evening, but it is not the duty of the Museum to be a "puff's" butt.

That American Music Hall, 444 Broadway, is on a rising rump of success all the time. How the proprietors are going to get more room we cannot perceive. They will have to subdivide the building somehow, just as people have to unbunton their coats when Tony Pastor and the other comedians get going on the singing and dancing fun. A. J. Levitt is among the new attractions this week. The usual company we have no occasion to mention, as they are all well known to be star performers. Of the dances we need only say that they are under the direction of Mrs. Paul Brillant. One visit to 444 Broadway, under its present able managers, will convince the most prejudiced observer that the place deserved its popularity.

There goes "Fox in a Fix" again at Brooklyn! Well, if Charley will get into a fix, it is one himself that can't talk himself back to him. He is one of his lucid but non-linguistic expositions. He knows how to do it. He is a good figure among Hayley's stars, who are all fixed favorites with the public at 444 Broadway.

The Great Canterbury Music Hall, 558 Broadway, is now an institution of which New York may well be proud. As a comic hall, it has a steady and enthusiastic patronage that it never was previously during all its history. For singing, comic or sentimental; dancing, graceful or burlesque; acrobatic feats, gymnastic or contortion; amusements generally, instructive or amusing; we know not a place more likely to please all classes. When in doubt, take the trick--go to the Canterbury.

Adah Isaacs Menken returned to New York last week. She is engaged to open at St. Louis on the 3d of March; Louisville, 24; Cincinnati, April 7th, etc. She has not yet made any definite arrangements to visit Europe. She has had proposals from managers in England, but the terms offered are not deemed sufficiently liberal to induce her to leave the new country for the old. Negotiations, however, are still pending.

The fact that nearly all the peace world ever had--is the result of some previous war, may be seen in the "purification" at present going on among our concert halls. Like the theatres in former days, they are surrounded with a "moral war" that knows no mercy. We see "respectable dailies" inserting their advertisements by the column at a time, but never, by any accident, making any mention of them editorially, except to join in the common hue and cry of persecutors' persecution. This is part of the same policy that speaks editorially of "A Brutal and Bloody Prison Fight," but takes care to amuse its readers with a long string of supposed "rounds" and "knock-downs." It is ever occupied with "The Special Report," also contrives to get "intensely disturbed," just to upset out his columns with wonderful ease and self-congratulatory. Thus it is with our music hall friends. Their ready cash, although it may have been "contaminated" by the diabolical agents and other fallen angels around those "pandemoniums," is duly received and reciprocated in the advertising department; but "Mr. Editor" has not a word to say about those institutions in his department. So senseless and egregious are the outrages against the music halls that most editors think themselves quite merciful, if not impartial, when they say--nothing. There is, however, a great principle of popular right involved with all this upshot of the snuff-cut of music-halls--the right of the people to choose their own amusements.

Another job for the lawyers is likely to come out of the claims made to Falconer's "Macbeth, or Peep o'Day." One oyster and two shells.

The production of Laura Keene's version of "The Macbeth, or Peep o'Day" on the evening of the 22d Feb., was an important step in the dramatic affairs of our city. The house filled at the first rush, and the stage business commenced a little sooner than had been expected. In the first act we became intimated as to how the Peep o'Day is called together, and learn how the Macbeth (Mr. Waller) has been wronged out of an estate by Aleck Purcell (Mr. Daly) who is also a rival for the hand of Helen Macbeth (Mrs. J. H. Allen). This is the daughter of a Capt. Macbeth, a very passionate and wilful man. Near the estate of Capt. Macbeth lives Nelly Brady, "The Ban Coonchee" (Mrs. Waller), who has long been separated, but, from the account of a Kilkenny boy, the reason is the fact that Mary Kelly (Laura Keene) is her daughter. Mary's (reputed) father and brother, Darby Kelly and The Babes, are hard citizens, and not at all particular as to how they raise their small charge. Mary's joy at her deliverance is somewhat dashed by Nelly Brady's caustic against The Macbeth, and a jealousy is rapidly formed between Helen and Mary. This jealousy sets all the characters adrift with every sign of Hibernian intensity. The first act closes with the grand tableau of a faction fight, following the jolliest kind of a dance, in which Capt. Howard (Mr. Levick) is obliged to shake a leg with "the rest of the folks." The sack race after the greased pig is also a feature, and the greased pig seemed to have an especial regard for either Mr. Baker, the leader of the orchestra, or Laura Keene. The hot-headed captain drives her out of his house. At this time, when a good understanding is desirable, Darby Kelly robs the village postman while the latter is drunk, but the way good old Father Peter uses "physical persuasion" upon Darby is a caution to male robbers, and the priest takes charge of the letters, containing documents which he produces in the last scene, to liberate and establish the Macbeth. However, we were not satisfied with the meeting of the Fox Devil (Black Valentine) and Nelly Kelly. The Babes, who had taken part in the last scenes of the play, were not present. Mary's hope of the cruelty of The Babes are witnessed by the Ban Coonchee, who makes what is really a "thrilling and terrific descent" down the quarry. In the third act, The Macbeth, being one of those men who are suspected of everything, is charged with the murder of Mary, and Aleck Purcell conducts the trial in the presence of Capt. Howard. Here we get some of the drollest kinds of Irish jest-mony, but, of course, The Macbeth is condemned. Now, indeed, he shows his power. The whole scene is alive with human beings, who come from--nobody knows where. The red-coats are in the minority. The political pardon that was in the Interceptor mail does not clear The Macbeth from the charge of murder; but Father Peter has other documents which prove the villainy of Aleck Purcell, who slinks away in confusion, although not until the mortgage and the reversion of The Macbeth's estate are restored to the rightful owner. Nelly Brady's testimony is rejected, but next come two witnesses whose testimony must be conclusive--Mary and Helen. The latter, as wife of The Macbeth, explains that he did not marry her--she married him. This is an Irish distinction that pleases the old captain. Another couple seem very likely to need the good priest's kind offices. "Several" weddings seem quite probable. A grand tableau of very picturesque costumes. The red and the freecosta all fraternize, and happiness is plain enough. The red manager graced the occasion with an address on the basis of the time since his severe indisposition, assuming the character of Mary Kelly. "By the powers of Nell Kelly," we must be permitted to remark that the fat Laura looked remarkably well, and we were delighted to witness so agreeable a verification of our previous good wishes; indeed, her physicians deserve a gold medal each, whether they get it or not. An overflowing audience, for the last day of sprits, contributed to give the fair leaven nothing but agreeable reflections, handsomely returning the "compliments of the season," as faithfully as a mirror. The house had been filled, almost from the first rush, and such was the impatience for "the drop of day" with "Peep o'Day," that Thomas Baker, Esq., was obliged to postpone his admirably patriotic musical treat until the interval between the first and second acts of the drama. A wise adaptation to the circumstances. From the first scene to the last, the audience seemed to be spell-bound, as if by ever so many beautiful banquets and abundant spires. The cast shows a very judicious distribution. Mr. Purcell, as Father Peter, seemed a positive chief among the dramatic apostles. It is a fine character, admirably well balanced in the authorship, and exquisitely delineated with Mr. B.'s able impersonation. Mr. Raymond, as The Babes, shocked us individually while pleasing us professionally, for we did not think that Lead John T. could make such a cruel villain of himself. Mr. Daly, as Aleck Purcell, was O. K. in everything, except that his costume seemed to be a little too gay for some of the outdoor scenes. A "rare" Irish gentleman never goes out of doors with his finery on. However, the total of Purcell's individualities are somewhat justified. Mr. Daly, Mr. Levick, as Captain Howard, "red-coated Saxon," has "had a wide range" of very much intensely Hibernian inflections, but he carries himself characteristically true, like a British officer who never can possibly forget that he is a gentleman. Miss Stoddart, Peters, Dillon, and Marlowe, all showed great ability, with astonishing powers of adaptation, in their respective characters. The Macbeth, in the hands of Mr. Waller, somewhat puzzled us. Perhaps we have not formed a correct conception of the character yet; and from Mr. Waller's usual excellence, we should be somewhat inclined to give way to his conception. Actors have not yet paid proper attention to Irish chivalry. From the performance on the 22d, we somehow could not help viewing The Macbeth as a mixture of The Stranger, Beaumanoir, Fra Blavio, and a slight dash of the Monte Cristo school. The authorship compels this character to use an unportioned degree of indulgence. Let Mr. Waller have "the benefit" of this consideration, for the authorship of it is more defective than that for The Macbeth, and the individualism can only be properly elicited by a first rate actress. This genius-gifted and finely-wrought personation of the Ban Coonchee is superior to that of any Meg Merrilies, and she has a great deal to live up to. In the hands of Laura Keene, as is attractive a specimen of personal innocence as could be desired, whether in or out of Ireland. Helen Macbeth, as personified by Mrs. J. H. Allen is a bewitching little Irish Juliet, and a caution to any "southern patrician" with a heavy stern, like Capt. Macbeth, Madam Marlowe, Everett, and Dillon, are wonderfully Hibernian, and looked as fresh as if they had just come from haymaking. As for the supernumeraries, we came away with the artistic conviction that they must all be "right tight lads." Nora Crail, in the hands of Laura Keene, is as attractive a specimen of personal innocence as could be desired, whether in or out of Ireland. Helen Macbeth, as personified by Mrs. J. H. Allen is a bewitching little Irish Juliet, and a caution to any "southern patrician" with a heavy stern, like Capt. Macbeth, Madam Marlowe, Everett, and Dillon, are wonderfully Hibernian, and looked as fresh as if they had just come from haymaking. As for the supernumeraries, we came away with the artistic conviction that they must all be "right tight lads."

Biwin Forrest closed in Brooklyn on Friday evening last. The engagement was highly successful. Mr. Forrest commences a two-weeks' engagement at the Holiday street Theatre, Baltimore, Monday, March 3d. Only a few members of the company that have been playing with Mr. Forrest will accompany him to Baltimore. From his last named city, Mr. F. proceeds to Washington, where he will play an engagement at Ford's New Theatre.

Col. T. Alston Brown, agent for Spanish Cuba, having recovered from his late indisposition, is in the city, attending to business. He has engaged for the present, Wadsworth and other cities, to make arrangements for the appearance of Cuba.

John McCullough was a great favorite with the Brooklynites during the Forrest engagement. He was honored with a call before the curtain nearly every night.

Major Frank Brown was the recipient of a complimentary benefit at Hooley's Minstrel Hall, on Thursday evening last. The attendance was very flattering.

We understand that Mr. N. H. Clarke, as well known as the business agent of Barney Williams, will take the "posh" of stage manager at the Winter Garden, on the 3d March.

Among the unengaged talent around our city is Miss Denvill, at present residing in Brooklyn, we believe.

John Peck, of Morris Brothers, Peck & Trowbridge's Minstrels, showed his amiable countenance among us Yorkers a day or two ago.

We presume that Mr. Peck is only on a tour.

Alfred Cately, General Tom Thumb's most "general" and ubiquitous agent, who has been "most casting" among us during the past week, has returned to his "prospecting" labors in Kentucky, as the General intends making an advance in that direction, after his victories in Indiana. See our "General Summary."

What possesses the Brooklyn salsas when they call Brignoli "Brignola?" Ab!

James Pipes, of Pipesville, gave one of his very amusing entertainments on the 19th Feb., at Clinton Hall, for the benefit of a deserving charity. James has the genuine artistic love of benevolence.

A BROOKLYN CRITICISM ON MR. FORREST—Brooklyn, Feb. 12, 1862.

EDWARD CURRAN—I send you herewith a rare bit of Brooklyn criticism, which, if you choose to find room in your sheet for it, you are welcome; here it is: "It is not a safe thing to criticize critics."

John Denvill announces himself as the greatest living tragedian.

John Denvill, the editor of a diminutive paper in Brooklyn, who would fain call himself the "Globe," has returned to his native land, and is still busily engaged in his law practice.

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Under the immediate supervision of FRED. VON OLKER.

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This popular place of Amusement will open for the Spring and

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with the Great Moral Drama, in Six Acts, and Five Tableaux,

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The revival of this sublime production has created an enthusiasm throughout the entire country, hitherto unprecedented.

The cast will embrace

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In order not to erase the deep impression this sublime entertainment leaves on the memory.

NO THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE

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Is now on its travels, and meeting with fair success.

The company are

H. H. SEAMON, the Great Yankee Clown,

the Great East Yankee Gal Delimenter,

YOUNG SEAMON, Nigger Dancer, etc.

Making an entertainment in them.

45-14 In addition, however, are other performers of note.

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are now open for engagements, in their route West from Baltimore. Their repertoire, besides their famous drill, consists of Singing, Dancing, Slack Wire, Drum and Pipe, Sacko, &c., &c.

"An unusual excitement has been created among play-goers by the wonderful, beautiful, and charming impersonations of the Seven Star Sisters, at the Molodeon, &c., &c.—Safeties Copper, #5. 12.

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Second week of the engagement of

MRS. JOHN WOOD,

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M. R. J. COLLINS.

The beautiful Spectacular Drama of

THE COULEEN BAWN.

THE SCENERY IS ENTIRELY NEW.

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The ORCHESTRA under direction of Mr. J. P. COOKE.

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THIS EVENING AND EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,

will be presented, the Great Irish Drama, in three acts and four

Tableaux, founded on Historical Facts, entitled

COLLEEN BAWN

OR THE BRIDES OF GARYOWEN.

The famous Pianist and versatile Comedian.

JOHN MULLIGAN, ANDREW J. LEAVITT,

SAM LONG, CHARLEY GARDNER,

DENNY GALLAGHER, L. J. DONNELLY, JOHNNY WILDS,

KATE FRANCIS, ELLEN COLENE, MISS LAGRANGE,

EL

want of employment, will be forced to sell themselves instead of their refreshments. This is what our moralists call reform.

James M. Cawers, attached to Walck's Theatre, died in this city on the 19th Feb., in the 29th year of his age.

Dion Boucicault's desire having raised a secession flag at his Lynden Theatre. Letters are reported as having been received in this city at the time Dion is said to have "secessed," stating positively that the confederate flag had been raised by Boucicault; this was when the "Trent Outrage" created such excitement in London. Now, then, who is right, Boucicault, or the letter writers? There must be an error somewhere. Give us the facts.

Guess there's been a little trouble at Laura Keene's. Mrs. Chapman and Miss Letty Hough have left there, and accepted positions with Mr. Baker's company at the New York Alcazarum. (Wallick's old shanty.) Little Mary Bullock, Laura's Butterly and Capita in the Seven Sisters, also goes with Baker to play Eva. Wonder what made the ladies leave.

We have been so accustomed to associate the name of Agnes Robart with the Colleen Bawn, that we were somewhat surprised when we read the announcement that Miss John Wood, the great burlesque actress, was about to essay the character of Eily O'Connor; and it was some time before we became satisfied that no burlesque was intended, but that we were to have the "Colleen Bawn" revived, pure and simple, and that Mrs. Wood was to assume the character of the gentle and loving Eily. The part is so directly opposite to Mrs. W.'s line of business that we had some doubts as to her ability to do it justice. Mr. John Collins, Irish Comedian, was announced to appear as Myles na Cappoleen, and Maegdy evening, February 17th, was fixed for the reproduction of the play, at Nibbs' Garden. The night was stormy, and so disagreeable that we were perfectly surprised to see so large and fashionable an audience present; but the attraction was great, and hence a full house was the result. The performers were all well received, especially Collins and Mrs. Wood. Meers Shawell and Scallan, from the Philadelphia theatres, made their first bow to a New York audience, and Miss Emma Taylor, also from Philadelphia, made her appearance for the first time in New York for many years. She was attached to the Chambers Street Theatre, while under the management of the late Mr. Burton. The entry of the strangers was the signal for a hospitable greeting. It is hardly fair to criticise so a first performance, especially where there had been but little time for rehearsal. On Friday evening, Feb. 1st, we visited the house again, and found the place crowded, and everything seemed to have gone into good working order, the play being performed in a highly creditable manner. An Eily O'Connor was presented in a very favorable impression, and her personation of the character was much better than we had expected with witness. Her singing was effective, (the Cruiskeens Lava being loudly applauded) and she was correct in all the details of the role. Mr. Collins enacted the part of Myles with ability and effect, introducing some entirely new points, which added interest to the performance. In the rendering of the vocal parts, the fine voice of Mr. Collins was an attractive feature of the entertainment, the singing of the beautiful song, "I'd Mourn the Hope that Leaves Me," being especially noticeable. Dandy Mann, in the hands of Mr. Scallan, new to our boards, was a most able performance. In our opinion, Mr. S. surpassed both Mr. Wheatleigh and Mr. Johnson in his rendering of the character. It was a masterly performance, and was decidedly a complete success. Mr. Scallan receiving well-merited applause whenever he appeared upon the stage. Mr. Shawell, too, as Hardress Creagoe, acted his part most creditably. The acting of Miss Taylor and Miss Wells was also very good, both appearing to advantage. A little less attention is given to the part of Miss Emma, which we presume would be an improvement, however. We regretted to notice that Mrs. Vining, a pianist-sing artist, and a talented one, too, allowed herself to give forcible expression to the character of Mrs. Cragoe to degenerate into rant, especially in the scene between Father Tom and Kyle Dwyer. The stage arrangements and scenic effects are commendable in the prominent scenes, the "Lake of Killarney," and the "Water Cave," being really beautiful. In the latter scene, Mr. Collins manages the rescue of Eily somewhat different from Mr. Bourne's. When he first discovers the body of the Colleen Bawn, he grasps it, but it slips from his hand, and he then dives for it, and can be seen bearing the body along until he reaches the rest, up which he climbs with Eily clasped in one arm. The last scene, the "Ball Room," is magnificent, and makes a capital finish. To say that the play was well received, and warmly applauded, is simply to state the fact. It has drawn very large audiences throughout the week, and bids fair to fill the house for some time. We would mention that the orchestra has been placed in charge of that able and popular conductor, Mr. Cooke, formerly the maestro at Burton's. The music of the piece, if we remember correctly, is almost the same as that composed and arranged by Mr. Thomas Baker, when the Colleen Bawn was first produced here by Mr. Bourne's. We presume Mr. Cooke does not intentionally desire to deprive Mr. Baker of the credit due for his music, and we therefore suggest that courtesy, if nothing more, should induce the management to give Mr. Baker public credit for the use of his music, as they have given Mr. Bourne credit as the author of the drama. Is playing the overture, a little more spirit would add to its beauty; as now performed, it is a little drab.

Commodore Nutt is Mr. Barum's smallest dwarf, and said to be his greatest "sensation." Is it so? We are always willing to report a "sensation" in the current news, independent in every view of business, we like to find something in other people's "institutions," and certainly with well to all, in numberless "concessaries."

At the same time, if we have a propensity for anything, it is to use our position in favor of sound principles, and truly artistic advancement, in opposition to every kind of sensational or ephemeral humbug. Any ordinary reader of the usual "editorial notices" of Barron's Museum, might very naturally suppose that the place was filled with whales or seals, pygmies or "mucilins of flesh" new discoveries or old curiosities, etc. To this we have no objection. Mr. Barron is quite competent to manage his own business, and (with his active brigadier general's) knows how to make himself "master of the situation" the example of the Boston Museum, now one of the best theatres in our country, but which was gradually improved by apparent concessions to the present perfection, almost in spite (so to speak) of the prejudices of the surrounding population, is a case in point; and has, doubtless, not been lost to Mr. Barron's observation. No doubt he has his own "policy of advancement," and, as the Prospects of sensationalism, he winds his way to ruin.

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The production of Laura Keene's version of "The Macbeth, or Peep o' Day," on the evening of the 22d Feb., was an important step in the dramatic affairs of our city. The house filled at the first rush, and the stage business commenced a little sooner than had been expected. In the first scene we became initiated as to how the Peep o' Day are called together, and learn how The Macbeth (Mr. Waller) has been wronged out of an estate by Aleck Purcell (Mr. Daly) who is also a rival for the hand of Helen Macbeth (Mrs. J. H. Allen). This is the daughter of Capt. Macneary, a very passionate and wilful man. Near the estate of Capt. Macbeth, and Nelly Brady, "The Ban Quothe," (Mrs. Waller), who has long been estranged, but going to the house of Kelly family, she reveals the fact that Mary Kelly (Laura Keene) is her daughter. Mary is (united) fatherless, but she is a good girl, and Kelly is a hard customer, and not at all particular as to how they raise their small change. Mary's joy at her deliverance is somewhat dashed by Nelly Brady's cautions against The Macbeth, and a jealousy is rapidly formed between Helen and Mary. This jealousy sets all the characters adrift with every sign of Hibernian interest. The first act closes with the grand tableau of a faction fight, following the jolliest kind of a dance, in which Capt. Howard (Mr. Levick) is obliged to shake a leg with "the rest of the folks." The sack race after the greased pig is also a feature, and the greased pig seemed to have an especial regard for either Mr. Baker, the leader of the orchestra, or Laura Keene's new patent footlights. This tableau is very gay, the faction fight coming when Father Peter (Mr. Burnett) announces himself as "Your brat!" In the second act, Nelly tells the tale of "The Macbeth's Falseshood." Mary's death is determined upon by the male Kellys. Helen Macneary, stung by her father's reproaches, reveals the fact that she is the lawful wife of The Macbeth. The hot-headed captain drives her out of his house. At this time, when a good understanding is desirable, Darby Kelly robes the village postman while the latter is drunk, but the way good old Father Peter uses "physical persuasion" upon Darby is a caution to mail robbers, and the priest takes charge of the letters, containing documents which he produces in the last act, to illustrate The Macbeth. However, we must not anticipate. The meeting at the Folio Club, in the Valley, into which we are introduced, is a trap-door take place in the last scene of the 2nd act. Mary's hope appeal to the cruelty of The Macbeth are witnessed by the Ban Quothe, who makes what is really a "thrilling and terrific descent" down the quarry. In the third act, The Macbeth, being one of those men who are suspected of everything, is charged with the murder of Mary, and Aleck Purcell conducts the trial in the presence of Capt. Howard. Here we get some of the drollest kinds of Irish testimony; but, of course, the court is condemned. The Macbeth, however, is a good fellow, and, as he is the greatest villain in the play, he is not to be despised—Mary and Helen. The latter, as wife of The Macbeth, explains that he did not marry her—she married him. This is an Irish distinction that pleases the old captain. Another couple seem very likely to need the good priest's kind offices. "Several" weddings seem quite probable. A grand tableau of very picturesque costumes. The red and the green coats all fraternize, and happiness is plain enough. The fair manager graced the occasion with an additional interest by returning her duties as an actress on the boards, for the first time since her retirement, assuming the character of Mary Kelly. "By the powers of Mol. Kelly," we must be permitted to remark that the fair Laura looked remarkably well, and we were delighted to witness so agreeable a verification of our previous good wishes; indeed, her physicians deserve a gold medal each, whether they get it or not. An overflowing audience, in a fine flow of spirits, contributed to give the fair lesson nothing but agreeable reflections, handsomely returning the "compliments of the season," as faithfully as a mirror. The house had been filled, almost at the first rush, and such was the impatience for "the Peep o' Day" with the "Peep o' Day," that "Thomas Baker, E. q." was obliged to postpone his admirably patriotic musical treat until the interval between the first and second acts of the drama. A wise adaptation of the circumstances. From the first act to the last, the audience seemed to be spell-bound, as if by ever so many beautiful banshees and attendant sprites. The cast shows a very judicious distribution among the stars, and the supporting players are well chosen. Mr. Burnett, as Father Peter, seemed a positive chief among the dramatic apostles. It is a fine character, admirably balanced in the authorship, and exquisitely delineated with Mr. B.'s able impersonation. Mr. Raymond, as The Babby, shocked us immensely while plying as professionally, for we did not think that for F. J. Daly to make such a cruel villain of himself. Mr. Daly, as Aleck Purcell, was O. K. in everything, except that his costume seemed a little too gay for some of the out-door scenes. A "rare" Irish gentleman never goes out of doors with his family on. However, the total of Purcell's individualism somewhat justifies Mr. Daly. Mr. Purcell, as Captain Howard, a red coated Saxon, is a hard row to hoe among such hirsute Hibernian ladies, but he carries himself characteristically true, like a British officer who never can possibly forget that he is a gentleman. Messrs. Stoddart, Peters, Dillon, and Marlowe, all showed great ability with astonishing power of adaptation, in their respective characters. The Macbeth, in the hands of Mr. Waller, somewhat passes us. Poor we have not formed a correct conception of the character yet; and, from Mr. Waller's usual excellencies, we shou'd be somewhat hampered in giving way to his conception. Actors have not yet paid proper attention to Irish christians. From the performance of the 22d, we somehow could not help viewing The Macbeth as a muzur of The Stranger, Beaupre, Fra Diavolo, and a slight dash of the Monk Christo. The authorship compels this character to use an unpermissible degree of indulgence. Let Mr. Waller have "the benefit" of this consideration. Nelly Brady, as given by Mrs. Waller, is a very fine creation, for the authorship of it is more defective than that for The Macbeth, and the individualism can only be properly elicited by a first rate actress. This genius-gifted and finely-wrought personification of The Ban Quothe is superior to that of any Mr. Merill we have ever seen, and we have seen "a few." Mary Kelly in the hands of Laura Keene is an attractive specimen of persecuted innocence as could be desired, whether in or out of Ireland. Helen Macneary, as represented by Mrs. J. H. Allen, is a bewitching little Irish Juliet, and a caution to any "stern parent" with a heavy stern, like Capt. Macneary. Mademoiselle Marlowe, Everett, and Dillon are wonderfully Hibernian, and looked at fresh as if they had just come from haymaking. As for the supernumeraries, we came away with the artistic conviction that they must all be "right tight lads." Mrs. Gribble, and warrantied not to be cut-in-the-eye British soldiers. The scene effects are very fine, and really marvelous in the senseless perfection of the machinery, reflecting the highest credit upon Mr. Micard Lewis. The costumes are particularly good, showing a decided taste for historical accuracy. The stage lighting is another. Coming from the mouth of The Macbeth, it is the most effective of such a scene, it has no more to do with the dramatic treatment of the subject, than the posse's exhibition of some dismal swamp with the glorious "sunburst" prefigured upon the banners of Brian Boru.

That American Music Hall, 444 Broadway, is on a rising ripples of success all the time. How the proprietors are going to get more room we cannot perceive! They will have to subdivide the building somehow, just as people have to subdivide their coats when Tom Paine and the other comic genuses get along on the singing and dancing fun. A. J. Leavitt is among the new attractions this week. The usual company we have no occasion to mention, as they are all well known to be star performers. Of the dances we need only say that they are under the direction of Messrs. Paul Brillant. One visit to 444 Broadway, under his present able management, will convince the most prejudiced observer that the place deserves its popularity.

There goes "Fox in a Fix" again at Hooley's! Well, if Charley will get into a fix, it is only himself that can talk himself back to himself again, with one of his lucid but non-luminous explanations. He knows how to do it. He is a good fixture among Hooley's stars, who prides herself though enough.

The Great Canterbury Music Hall, 688 Broadway, is now an institution of which New York may well be proud. As a music hall, it is the most estimable of its class.

Mr. Isaac Menken returned to New York last week. He is engaged to open at St. Louis on the 3d of March; Louisville, 24; Cincinnati, April 7, etc. She has not yet made any definite arrangements to visit Europe. She has had proposals from managers in England, but the terms offered are not deemed sufficient to induce her to leave the new country for the old. Negotiations, however, are still pending.

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THEM SPOONS.

Some years ago, before railroads were invented, a cute Massachusetts Yankee was one day travelling in a stage in the State of Connecticut. The passengers stopped for breakfast at a place where the landlord was noted for his parsimony; and it was strongly suspected that he paid the driver to hurry off the stage before the passengers could eat half a meal, in order to save his victuals. The Yankee heard this talk, and he sat down to breakfast with the determination to eat his money's worth, whether the stage left him or not. While, therefore, the rest of the passengers were bolting their victuals at the greatest possible haste, the Massachusetts man took his time. The passengers had scarcely finished a cup of coffee and ate a few mouthfuls, when they heard the sound of the horn, and the driver exclaim, "Stage ready!" Up rise the grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents, and take their seats.

"All aboard, gents?" inquires the host.

"One missing," say they.

Proceeding to the dining room, the host finds our Yankee friend very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, the size of a horse's lip.

"You'll be left, sir! Stage is going to start!"

"Wall, I hain't got nothin' to say agin it."

"Can't wait, sir; better take your seat."

"I'll be gaul darned if I dew, nuther, till I've got my breakfast! I've got tew pay half a dollar, and I'm going to get the vallee on't! and of yew calkate I ain't, yew are mistakenn."

So the stage did start, and left the hungry New Englander, who continued his attack on the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, steaks, etc., disappeared rapidly before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say, squire, them there cakes is 'bout east; fetch us another grist on 'em. Yew (to the waiter), 'nother cup uv air coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise yewre own pork, squire!—this is amazin' nice ham. Land 'bout bearable cheap, squire, I callate? Don't lay yewre own eggs, dew ye?" and thus the Yankee kept quizzing the landlord, until he had made a hearty meal.

"Say, squire, now I'm 'bout to conclude payin' my dewors to this ere table, but if yew'd just give us a bowl of bread and milk tew sorta top off with, I'd be much oblegged tew ye."

So out goes the landlord and waiter for the bowl of milk and bread, and set them before the Yankee.

"Spoon, tew, if ye please!"

No spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of silver ones lying on the table when the stage stopped.

"Say! dew yew think them passengers is goin' to yew for a breakfass and git no compensation?"

"Ah! what! do you think any of the passengers took them?"

"Dew I think? No, I don't think, but I'm sartin. If they air all as green as you, about here, I'm goin' to locate immediately and tew worst!"

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage, and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the hotel, our Yankee comes out to take his seat, and says:

"Heow air yew, gents? I'm glad tew see yew back."

"Can yew point out the man you think has the spoons?" asked the landlord.

"Pint him out! Sartinly I ken. Say, squire! I paid you four ninepences for a breakfass, and I callate I got the vallee on't. Yew'll find them spoons in the coffee-not!" Which was found to be the case.

THE SOLDIER AND THE TEAMSTER.—The soldiers in Kentucky are famous for practical jokes, and are constantly on the look-out for subjects. One was recently procured in the person of a teamster, who had charge of six shabby mules. Jehu was also the proprietor of two bottles of old Bourbon—contraband in camp—which a wag discovered and resolved to possess. Being aware that the driver's presence was an impediment to the theft, he hit upon the following plan to get rid of him:

Approaching the driver, who was busily engaged in carrying his mules, he accosted him with, "I say, old fellow, what are you doing there?"

"Can't you see?" replied Jehu, gruffly.

"Certainly," responded the wag, "but that is not your business. It is after tattoo, and there is a fellow hired by the General, who curries all the mules and horses brought in after tattoo."

"The mule driver bit at once, and wanted to know where the "hair dresser" kept himself. Whereupon he was directed to General Nelson's tent, with the assurance that there was where the fellow "hung out."

"You can't mistake the man," said the wag; "he is a large fellow, and puts on a thundering sight of airs, for a man in his business. He will probably refuse to do it, and tell you to go to the devil, but don't mind that; he has been drinking to-day. Make him come out, suse."

Jehu posted off, and entering the tent where Gen. Nelson, of the 4th Division, sat in deep reverie, probably considering the most expeditious method of expelling the rebel Buckner from his native State, slapped him on the back with sufficient force to annihilate a man of ordinary size.

Springing to his feet, the General accosted his uninvited guest with:

"Well, sir, who are you, and what the devil do you want?"

"Old hoss, I've got a job for you now—six mules to be curried, and right off, too," said the captain of the mules, nothing daunted at the flashing eye of the General.

"Do you know who you are addressing, sir?" asked the indignant commander.

"Yes," said Jehu, elevating his voice to a pitch which rendered the words audible a square off, "you are the fellow hired by Uncle Sam to clean mules, and I won't have any foolishness. Clean them mules, and I'll give you a drink of busthead."

"You infernal villain!" exclaimed the General, now perfectly furious. "I am General Nelson, commander of this Division."

Jehu placed the thumb of his right hand against his nose, and, extending his fingers, waved them in a manner supposed by some to be indicative of great wisdom.

The General's sword leaped from its scabbard, and Jehu rushed from the tent just in time to save his head. The boys drank the "big mule-driver's" health in Bourbon.

The story soon got out, and is now the joke of the season.

A TENDER EPISTLE.—Love is no dream, as the following *billet doux*, picked up in front of a Post Office, will show:

My DEAR SWEETEST DUCKY—I am so happy to hear from you so often—it affords me such great pleasure. You always was so dear to me I hope you will soon be deerer.

You know I never hinted nothing about marriage and I never mean to—take your own time for that. I shall always remember the old saying procrastination is the thief of time, but mother says nothin should be done in a hurry but ketchin fleas.

The fondest wish of my heart is that we may soon become one. Do you ever read Franklin's extracts—his remarks concerning marriage is delitful. Our hearts, he sez, ought to assemble one another in every except; they ought to be heterogenous so that our union may be mixed as well as uniting—not like oil and water but like tee and shugar. Truly I can feel for the mortal Watt when he sez—

"The rows is red the vilet blew
Shugars sweet and so are you."

Nothing sex matrimony is better to think on than the reality.

"I remane till death or marriage, your own sweet candy—
MARY ANN."

"N.B.—I had a kussin married last month, who sez there ain't no true enjoyment but in the married state."

"Your sweetis dove—
MARY ANN."

"P.S.—I hope you will let me know what you mean to do as there is four or five other fellers after me hot foot, and I shall be quite oneasy till I here."

"Your loving sweete,
MARY ANN."

A FEARFUL CONTEST—SPUNKY RAT.—Some two weeks since, a sergeant in the Halsted Cavalry, one of the recruiting officers now in Newton, New Jersey, brought with him from New-York—whither he had gone on business of a highly interesting and affectionate nature—besides a certificate of a certain kind—a young Brazilian tiger cub only forty days old, and about the size of a three-fourths grown kitten. This adolescent tiger develops the ferocity of his species by his fondness for eating meat, &c., and growling, and clutching his food with perfect desperation when he can get it. On Friday last, a young live rabbit was brought in the room for his comfortable killing; the tiger was turned out, and showed some fight, but it was not until the rabbit had smashed in his nose that he ventured to pounce on him, when he finished him instanter. The next day, a full grown rat was brought into the room, and the tiger turned out. The rat was game in more ways than one, and "bucked at the tiger" pretty considerably, and would have conquered him, too, if let alone; but it took all the energy of a captain of the Halsted Cavalry, backed up by his sergeant, and a colonel in the Sussex Brigade, as well as two civilians, armed with sabres, revolvers, saddles, broomsticks, inkstands, chairs, and other warlike weapons, to maul the rat into a condition sufficiently harmless for the tiger to make war with him in true Brazilian style. A Sussex rat is a pretty hard thing to beat.

NOT DEEP ENOUGH FOR PRAYING.—We heard, a night or two since, a tolerably good story of a couple of raftsmen. The event occurred during a late big blow on the Mississippi. A raft was just emerging from Lake Pepin when the squall came. In an instant the raft was pitching and writhing, while the waves broke over it with tremendous uproar; and expecting instant destruction, one of the raftsmen dropped on his knees and commenced praying with a will equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes for an instant, he observed his companion, not engaged in prayer, but pushing his pole into the water at the side of the raft. "What's that yer doin, Mike?" said he; "get down on yer knees, now, for there isn't a minnit between us and purgatory." "Be aisy, Pat," said the other as he coolly continued to punch the water with his pole, "be aisy, now! what's the use of prayin' when a feller can tech bottom with a pole?" Mike is a pretty fine specimen of a large class of Christians, who prefer to omit prayer as long as they can "tech bottom."

ALL SORTS OF DRAUGHTS.—"There are a great many draughts in this room," said Pepper. "For what amount?" asked Smith. "I'll play you a game," said Jones. "Of tea or coffee," enquired Robinson. Pepper, quoting from Dr. Johnson, moodily observed that "A man who would make a pun would pick a pocket."

PAT EXPLAINS A DIFFICULT QUESTION.—"But if I place my money in the savings bank," enquired one of the newly arrived, "when can I draw it out again?" "Oh," responded his Hibernian friend, "sure, and if you put it today, you can get it out again tomorrow, by giving a fortnight's notice."

SOME WEATHER.—A late traveller says it is so cold in the northern part of Greenland that it freezes the fire out.

To look like a man—Cultivate moustachios.

EXECUTION OF EARL FERNERS, FOR MURDER.—This mad peer, who killed his steward, exactly a hundred years ago, having been tried and convicted by the House of Lords, was brought out from the Tower of London, and taken, for execution, to Tyburn. He was dressed in his wedding clothes, which were of light color and embroidered with silver. A crowd of spectators witnessed his departure. First, went a large body of constables, preceded by one of the high constables; next came a party of grenadiers and a party of foot; then, the sheriff, in a chariot and six, the horses dressed in ribbons; and next, Lord Ferners, in a landau and six, escorted by parties of horse and foot. The other sheriff's carriage followed, succeeded by a mourning coach and six, conveying some of the malefactor's friends; and lastly, a hearse and six, provided for the purpose of taking the corpse from the place of execution to Surgeon's Hall. The procession was two hours and three quarters on its way; and Lord Ferners conversed very freely during the passage. He said, "The apparatus of death, and the passing through such crowds of people, are ten times worse than death itself; but I suppose they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps they never will another." He said to the sheriff, "I have written to the King, that I may suffer where my ancestor, the Earl of Essex, the favorite of Elizabeth, suffered, and was in hope of obtaining that favor, as I have the honor of being allied to his majesty, and of quartering the royal arms. I think it hard that I must die at the place appointed for the execution of common felons." The scaffold was hung with black by the undertaker, at the expense of Lord Ferners' family. His lordship was pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied, or his face covered, but was persuaded to do both. On the silken rope being put around his neck, he turned pale, but recovered instantly. Within seven minutes after leaving the landau, the signal was given for striking the stage, and in four minutes he was quite dead. The corpse was subjected to dissection.

GOVERNMENTS IN FRANCE FOR THE LAST SEVENTY YEARS.

The following extract from the *Gazette de France*, presents in a succinct form, some very curious information: "In a period of seventy years, France has seen thirteen Governments, each differing from the other in origin and aim:—Louis XVI and the Assemblies, May 5, 1789, to August 10, 1792; the convention, with its revolutions and incessant changes, Sept. 24, 1792, to Oct. 5, 1795; the Directory, Oct. 5, 1795, to Nov. 7, 1799; the Consulate, for a limited period, Dec. 24, 1799, to August 2, 1802; the Empire, May 18, 1804, to April 2, 1814; the Restoration, April 24, 1814, to March 20, 1815; the Empire, March 27, to June 22, 1815; the Restoration, July 8, 1815, to Aug. 1830; the Government of July, August 9, 1830, to Feb. 24, 1848; the Republic, Feb. 26, 1848, to December 2, 1851; the Presidency for ten years, Dec. 21, 1851, to Dec. 9, 1852; the Empire, Dec. 9, 1852. During the same period of seventy years there has been promulgated twelve Constitutions, which have had in France the force of fundamental law:—The Constitution of June 24, 1793; the Constitution of the 5th Fructidor, year III; the Constitution of the 22d Brumaire, year VIII; the senatus consultum of the 15th Thermidor, year X; the decree of the senate of the 28th Floreal, year XII; the Charter of 1814; the additional act of 1815; the Republican constitution of 1848; the Constitution put forth by the President, of the 14th-22d January, 1852; the same constitution modified by the senatus consulta of Nov. 7th, 1852, and the plebiscite of Jan. 21-22, 1852. We have omitted all that was simply ephemeral; and moreover, the suspension by the revolutionary government of the Constitution of 1793.

RAT CATCHING EXTRAORDINARY.—A party of farmers, for the purpose of ridding their premises of the rats that destroyed their grain, recently formed themselves into a Rat Catching Association, at Pickaway county, Ohio. Dividing their numbers into sides, twenty on each side, they commenced hunting for the contrabands, on the following conditions:—

"The party or side that produced the least count of rat-tails on the day appointed for settlement, were to pay Abram Dennis, landlord, \$2 each for supper for self and partner, the privilege of the ball-room and enjoying a social dance, and the winning party to go in free of charge. On the appointed evening the rat-tails began to pour in by hundreds and thousands. A committee was appointed to make the count, and the following was the result:—Whole number produced was 17,370, making an average of 413 to each man in the hunt. One side beat the other by 2,476. The contest being over, the supper was served, of which 175 persons partook. After supper the party proceeded to the ball-room, danced all night and went home with the girls in the morning, satisfied that the whole thing was a rat-tailing affair."

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.—On the dollars, stivers, etc., coined at the town of Dordrecht, in Holland, is the figure of a milk-maid sitting under her cow, which figure is also exhibited in relief on the water gate of the place. The occasion was as follows:—In the noble struggle of the United Provinces for their liberties, the Spaniards detached a body of forces from the main army, with the view of surprising Dordrecht. Certain milkmaids, belonging to a rich farmer in the vicinity, perceived as they were going to milk, some soldiers concealed under the hedges. They had the presence of mind to pursue their occupation without any symptoms of alarm. On their return home, they informed their master of what they had seen, who gave information to the burgomaster, the sluices were then let loose, through which great numbers of the Spaniards were drowned, and the expedition was defeated. The States ordered the farmer a handsome revenue for the loss he sustained by the overflowing of his lands, rewarded the women, and perpetuated the event in the manner described.

ABRAHAM AND SARAH.—The Talmudists relate that Abraham, on travelling into Egypt, brought with him a chest. At the Custom House, the officers exacted the dues. Abraham would readily have paid them, but desired that the box might not be opened. The officers then insisted on the dues for cloths, which Abraham consented to pay; but they thought, by his ready acquiescence, that it might be gold. Abraham assented to pay for the gold. They then suspected that it might be silk. Abraham was also prepared to pay for that, or more costly pearls; in short, he consented to pay as if his chest contained the most valuable of things. It was then the officers resolved to open and examine the chest; and behold! as soon as it was opened, so great a lustre of human beauty broke out, as to cause an excitement throughout the entire land of Egypt. It was Sarah herself! The jealous Abraham, to conceal her loveliness, had locked her up in the chest.

TRY AND HELP THEMSELVES.—For one dollar, enclosed to DR. WILLIAMS, Box 279, Buffalo, N. Y., twelve powders will be sent by next mail, with full directions for using, which will obviate all those distressing sensations arising from the injurious use of spirituous drinks. If you wish to be disengaged from a damning habit, these will enable you to do so with little or no inconvenience. If the medicine does not have the effect claimed, the money will be refunded.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—In 1852 I first asked this question. It was answered by numerous people; and I ask if any of them ever knew my Onguent to fail in doing all I claimed for it; namely: that it would compel the Beard or Moustache to grow upon the smoothest face within six weeks from the first application. Like all successful inventors, I have had to contend with a host of imitators, some of whom even go so far as to copy my advertisements. However, truth is mighty, and will prevail; and you, my beardless friends, will find that my Onguent is the only thing that will really force the Beard to grow, and will neither stain or injure the skin. I send it to any part of the country, free of postage, for \$1.

EDGAR, MORPHY & CO., No. 81 Nassau st., New York.

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G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau street, N. Y.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

HELEN OF TROY.—CANTO XIV.

At least a hundred of the "sweetest loves" Of girls that ever shone in bright array, Peopled the Trojan "Academic groves," When "intermission" gave them time to play. The uncaged bird, as through the air it roves, Was not more happy and content than they; Helen respected all—but gave her store Of boundless love to only three or four.

What a pleasing spectacle is afforded by a troop of young and graceful school girls at their play, especially (as is now generally the case) if their careful mammas have provided them with a stock of GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, whereby to enhance their charms! Tas, Freckles, Sallowness, Scurf, Purples, Ringworm, Redness, Roughness, Eruptions, &c., can no more abide on the cuticle where this wonderful Soap is used, than superfluous hair can remain on the spot to which GOURAUD'S uprooting POUDRE SUBTILE has been applied. Whenever it is found necessary to strip superficial hair, the POUDRE SUBTILE will do it as effectually as GOURAUD'S MEDICATED HAIR RESTORATIVE will restore hair to places whence it has fallen off, or impair to wavy hair a silky texture and resplendent gloss! GOURAUD'S LIQUID HAIR DYE will change red or gray hair to a beautiful brown or black the instant it is applied.

Remember! the genuine toilet preparations of Dr. FELIX GOURAUD can only be obtained at his depot, 67 Walker street, one door from 160 Broadway, New York.

Agents—Calendar & Co., Third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia; J. B. Bates, 129 Washington